

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

THE massacre of Glencoe is an event which neither can nor ought to be forgotten. It was one of the earliest fruits of the so-called glorious Revolution Settlement, and exhibits in their foulest perfidy the true characters of its authors.

After the battle of Killiecrankie the cause of the Scottish royalists declined, rather from the want of a competent leader than from any disinclination on the part of the people to vindicate the right of King James. No person of adequate talents or authority was found to supply the place of the great and gallant Lord Dundee, of whom it was truly written—

"Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accipitque novos, te moriente, deos."

General Cannon, who succeeded in command, was not only deficient in military skill, but did not possess the confidence, nor understand the character, of the Highland chiefs, who, with their clansmen, constituted by far the most important section of the army. Accordingly, no enterprise of any importance was attempted, and the disastrous issue of the battle of the Boyne led to a negotiation which terminated in the entire disbanding of the royal forces. By this treaty, which was expressly sanctioned by William of Orange, a full and unreserved indemnity and pardon was granted to all of the Highlanders who had taken arms, with a proviso that they should first subscribe the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, before the 1st of January, 1692, in presence of the lords of the Scottish council, "or of the sheriffs or their deputies of the respective shires wherein they lived." The letter of William addressed to the privy council, and ordering proclamation to be made to the above effect, contained also the following significant passage:—"That ye communicate our pleasure to the governor of Inverlochy and other commanders, that they be exact and diligent in their several posts; but that they show no more zeal against the Highlanders after their submission, *than they have ever done formerly when these were in open rebellion.*"

This enigmatical sentence, which in reality was intended, as the sequel will show, to be interpreted in the most cruel manner, appears to have caused some perplexity in the council, as that body deemed it necessary to apply for more distinct and specific instructions, which, however, were not then issued. It had been especially stipulated by the chiefs as an indispensable preliminary to their treaty, that they should have leave to communicate with King James, then residing at St. Germain's, for the purpose of obtaining his permission and warrant pre-

vious to submitting themselves to the existing government. That article had been sanctioned by William before the proclamation was issued, and a special messenger was despatched to France for that purpose.

In the mean time, troops were gradually and cautiously advanced to the confines of the Highlands, and, in some instances, actually quartered on the inhabitants. The condition of the country was perfectly tranquil. No disturbances whatever occurred in the north or west of Scotland. Lochiel and the other chiefs were awaiting the communication from St. Germain's, and held themselves bound in honor to remain inactive; whilst the remainder of the royalist forces (for whom separate terms had been made) were left unmolested at Dunkeld.

But rumors, which are too clearly traceable to the emissaries of the new government, asserting the preparation made for an immediate landing of King James at the head of a large body of the French, were industriously circulated, and by many were implicitly believed. The infamous policy which dictated such a course is now apparent. The term of the amnesty or truce granted by the proclamation expired with the year 1691, and all who had not taken the oath of allegiance before that term were to be proceeded against with the utmost severity. The proclamation was issued upon the 29th of August, consequently, only four months were allowed for the complete submission of the Highlands.

Not one of the chiefs subscribed until the mandate from King James arrived. That document, which is dated from St. Germain's on the 12th of December, 1691, reached Dunkeld eleven days afterwards, and, consequently, but a very short time before the indemnity expired. The bearer, Major Menzies, was so fatigued that he could proceed no further on his journey, but forwarded the mandate by an express to the commander of the royal forces, who was then at Glengarry. It was therefore impossible that the document could be circulated through the Highlands within the prescribed period. Lochiel, says Drummond of Balhaldy, did not receive his copy till about thirty hours before the time was out, and appeared before the sheriff at Inverara, where he took the oaths upon the very day on which the indemnity expired.

That a general massacre throughout the Highlands was contemplated by the whig government, is a fact established by overwhelming evidence. In the course of the subsequent investigations before the Scots parliament, letters were produced from Sir John Dalrymple, then Master of Stair, one of the secretaries of state in attendance upon the court which too clearly indicate the intentions of William

In one of these, dated 1st December, 1691—a month, be it observed, before the amnesty expired—and addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, there are the following words:—"The winter is the only season in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us, nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle to the mountains." And in another letter, written only two days afterwards, he says—"It is the only time that they cannot escape you, for human constitution cannot endure to be long out of houses. *This is the proper season to maul them in the cold long nights.*" And in January thereafter, he informed Sir Thomas Livingston that the design was "to destroy entirely the country of Lochaber, Lochiel's lands, Keppoch's, Glengarry's, Appin, and Glencoe. I assure you," he continues, "your power shall be full enough, and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the government with prisoners."

Lochiel was more fortunate than others of his friends and neighbors. According to Drummond—"Major Menzies, who, upon his arrival, had observed the whole forces of the kingdom ready to invade the Highlands, as he wrote to Gen. Buchan, foreseeing the unhappy consequences, not only begged that general to send expresses to all parts with orders immediately to submit, but also wrote to Sir Thomas Livingston, praying him to supplicate the council for a prorogation of the time, in regard that he was so excessively fatigued, that he was obliged to stop some days to repose a little; and that though he should send expresses, yet it was impossible they could reach the distant parts in such time as to allow the several persons concerned the benefit of the indemnity within the space limited; besides, that some persons having put the Highlanders in a bad temper, he was confident to persuade them to submit, if a further time were allowed. Sir Thomas presented this letter to the council on the 5th of January, 1692, but they refused to give any answer, and ordered him to transmit the same to court."

The reply of William of Orange was a letter, countersigned by Dalrymple, in which, upon the recital that "several of the chieftains and many of their clans have not taken the benefit of our gracious indemnity," he gave orders for a general massacre. "To that end, we have given Sir Thomas Livingston orders to employ our troops (which we have already conveniently posted) to cut off those obstinate rebels by all manner of hostility; and we do require you to give him your assistance and concurrence in all other things that may conduce to that service; and because these rebels, to avoid our forces, may draw themselves, their families, goods, or cattle, to lurk or be concealed among their neighbors; therefore, we require and authorize you to emit a proclamation to be published at the market-crosses of these or the adjacent shires where the rebels reside, discharging upon the highest penalties the law allows, any reset, correspondence, or intercommuning with these rebels." This monstrous mandate, which was in fact the death-warrant of many thousand innocent

people, no distinction being made of age or sex, would, in all human probability, have been put into execution, but for the remonstrance of one high-minded nobleman. Lord Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds, accidentally became aware of the purposed massacre, and personally remonstrated with the monarch against a measure which he denounced as at once cruel and impolitic. After much discussion, William, influenced rather by an apprehension that so savage and sweeping an act might prove fatal to his new authority, than by any compunction or impulse of humanity, agreed to recall the general order, and to limit himself, in the first instance, to a single deed of butchery, by way of testing the temper of the nation. Some difficulty seems to have arisen in the selection of the fittest victim. Both Keppoch and Glencoe were named, but the personal rancor of Secretary Dalrymple decided the doom of the latter. The secretary wrote thus:—"Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, at which I rejoice. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable set." The final instructions regarding Glencoe, which were issued on 16th January, 1692, are as follows:—

"WILLIAM R.—As for M'Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for public justice to extirpate that set of thieves."

"W. R."

This letter is remarkable as being signed and countersigned by William alone, contrary to the usual practice. The secretary was no doubt desirous to screen himself from after responsibility, and was further aware that the royal signature would ensure a rigorous execution of the sentence.

Macdonald, or as he was more commonly designed, M'Ian of Glencoe, was the head of a considerable sept or branch of the great Clan-Coila, and was lineally descended from the ancient Lords of the Isles, and from the royal family of Scotland, the common ancestors of the Macdonalds having espoused a daughter of Robert II. He was, according to a contemporary testimony, "a person of great integrity, honor, good nature, and courage, and his loyalty to his old master, King James, was such, that he continued in arms from Dundee's first appearing in the Highlands, till the fatal treaty that brought on his ruin." In common with the other chiefs, he had omitted taking the benefit of the indemnity until he received the sanction of King James; but the copy of that document which was forwarded to him, unfortunately arrived too late. The weather was so excessively stormy at the time that there was no possibility of penetrating from Glencoe to Inverara, the place where the sheriff resided, before the expiry of the stated period; and M'Ian accordingly adopted the only practicable mode of signifying his submission, by making his way with great difficulty to Fort-William, then called Inverlochy, and tendering his signature to the military governor there. That officer was not authorized to receive it, but at the

earnest entreaty of the chief, he gave him a certificate of his appearance and tender, and on new-year's day, 1692, M'Ian reached Inverara, where he produced that paper as evidence of his intentions, and prevailed upon the sheriff, Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, to administer the oaths required. After that ceremony, which was immediately intimated to the privy council, had been performed, the unfortunate gentleman returned home, in the full conviction that he had thereby made peace with government for himself and for his clan. But his doom was already sealed.

A company of the Earl of Argyle's regiment had been previously quartered in Glencoe. These men, though Campbells, and hereditarily obnoxious to the Macdonalds, Camerons, and other of the loyal clans, were yet countrymen, and were kindly and hospitably received. Their captain, Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, was connected with the family of Glencoe through the marriage of a niece, and was resident under the roof of the chief. And yet this was the very troop selected for the horrid service.

Special instructions were sent to the major of the regiment, one Duncanson, then quartered at Ballachulish, a morose, brutal, and savage man, who accordingly wrote to Campbell of Glenlyon in the following terms:—

"Ballacholis, 12 February, 1692.

"Sir—You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the M'Donalds of Glencoe, and putt all to the sword under seventy. You are to have special care that the old fox and his sons doe upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues that no man escape. This you are to put in execution att five o'clock in the morning precisely, and by that time or very shortly after it I'll strive to be att you with a stronger party. If I doe not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me but to fall on. This is by the king's speciall command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cutt off root and branch. See that this be putt in execution without feud or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the king's government, nor a man fitt to carry a commission in the king's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

ROBERT DUNCANSON.

'For their Majesty's service. To Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon.'

This order was too literally obeyed. At the appointed hour, when the whole inhabitants of the glen were asleep, the work of murder began. M'Ian was one of the first who fell. Drummond's narrative fills up the remainder of the dreadful story.

"They then served all within the family in the same manner, without distinction of age or person. In a word, for the horror of that execrable butchery must give pain to the reader, they left none alive but a young child, who, being frighted with the noise of the guns, and the dismal shrieks and cries of its dying parents, whom they were a-murdering, got hold of Captain Campbell's knees and wrapt itself within his cloak; by which, chancing to move

compassion, the captain inclined to have saved it, but one Drummond, an officer, arriving about the break of day with more troops, commanded it to be shot by a file of musqueteers. Nothing could be more shocking and horrible than the prospect of these houses bestrewed with mangled bodies of the dead, covered with blood, and resounding with the groans of wretches in the last agonies of life.

"Two sons of Glencoe's were the only persons that escaped in that quarter of the country; for, growing jealous of some ill designs from the behavior of the soldiers, they stole from their beds a few minutes before the tragedy began, and chancing to overhear two of them discoursing plainly of the matter, they endeavored to have advertised their father, but finding that impracticable, they ran to the other end of the country and alarmed the inhabitants. There was another accident that contributed much to their safety; for the night was so excessively stormy and tempestuous, that four hundred soldiers, who were appointed to murder these people, were stopped in their march from Inverlochy, and could not get up till they had time to save themselves. To cover the deformity of so dreadful a sight, the soldiers burned all the houses to the ground, after having rifled them, carried away nine hundred cows, two hundred horses, numberless herds of sheep and goats, and everything else that belonged to these miserable people. Lamentable was the case of the women and children that escaped the butchery. The mountains were covered with a deep snow, the rivers impassable, storm and tempest filled the air, and added to the horrors and darkness of the night, and there were no houses to shelter them within many miles."*

Such was the awful massacre of Glencoe, an event which has left an indelible and execrable stain upon the memory of William of Orange. The records of Indian warfare can hardly afford a parallel instance of atrocity; and this deed, coupled with his deliberate treachery in the Darien business, whereby Scotland was for a time absolutely ruined, is sufficient to account for the little estimation in which the name of the "great whig deliverer" is still regarded in the valleys of the north.

Do not lift him from the bracken,
Leave him lying where he fell—
Better bier ye cannot fashion:
None beseems him half so well,
As the bare and broken heather,
And the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended
To the judgment-seat of God?
Winding-sheet we cannot give him—
Seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering,
Showered from heaven upon his head.
Leave his broadsword, as we found it,
Bent and broken with the blow,
That, before he died, avenged him
On the foremost of the foe.
Leave the blood upon his bosom—
Wash not off that sacred stain:
Let it stiffen on the tartan,
Let his wounds unclosed remain,
Till the day when he shall show them
At the throne of God on high,

* *Memoirs of Sir EWEN CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.*

When the murderer and the murdered
Meet before their Judge's eye!

Nay—ye should not weep, my children!

Leave it to the faint and weak;
Sobs are but a woman's weapon—
Tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald!
Weep not thou, his orphan heir—
Not in shame, but stainless honor,
Lies thy slaughtered father there.
Weep not—but when years are over,
And thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady
On the mountain and the muir—
Let thy heart be hard as iron,
And thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh
For the race that slew thy sire!
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon
Rise a louder shriek of woe,
Than at midnight, from their eyrie,
Scared the eagles of Glencoe.
Louder than the screams that mingled
With the howling of the blast,
When the murderer's steel was clashing,
And the fires were rising fast.
When thy noble father bounded
To the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred
Pealed throughout the startled glen.
When the herd of frantic women
Stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing,
And their dearest dead below!
Oh, the horror of the tempest,
As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
And the roofs went thundering down!
Oh, the prayers—the prayers and curses
That together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many
Through that long and woful night!
Till the fires began to dwindle,
And the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge,
Only in a far halloo.
Till the silence once more settled
O'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona
Plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain summit
Was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered
In the gray December dawn.
Better had the morning never
Dawned upon our dark despair!
Black amidst the common whiteness
Rose the spectral ruins there;
But the sight of these was nothing,
More than wrings the wild dove's breast,
When she searches for her offspring
Round the relics of her nest.
For, in many a spot, the tartan
Peered above the wintry heap,
Marking where a dead Macdonald
Lay within his frozen sleep.
Tremblingly we scooped the covering
From each kindred victim's head,
And the living lips were burning
On the cold ones of the dead.

And I left them with their dearest—
Dearest charge had every one—
Left the maiden with her lover,
Left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless,
Far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover
Where my lord and husband lay.
But I wandered up the valley,
Till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom
And the frown upon his brow—
Till I found him lying murdered,
Where he wooed me long ago!

Woman's weakness shall not shame me!
Why should I have tears to shed!
Could I rain them down like water,
O my hero, on thy head—
Could the cry of lamentation
Wake thee from thy silent sleep,
Could it set thy heart a throbbing,
It were mine to wail and weep!
But I will not waste my sorrow,
Lest the Campbell women say,
That the daughters of Clanranald
Are as weak and frail as they.
I had wept thee, hadst thou fallen,
Like our fathers, on thy shield,
When a host of English foemen
Camped upon a Scottish field—
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished
With the foremost of his name,
When the valiant and the noble
Died around the dauntless Græme!
But I will not wrong thee, husband,
With my unavailing cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body
Stricken by the traitor, lies:
Whilst he counts the gold and glory
That this hideous night has won,
And his heart is big with triumph
At the murder he has done.
Other eyes 'han mine shall glisten,
Other hearts be rent in twain,
Ere the heathbells on thy hillock
Wither in the autumn rain.
Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest,
And I'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee,
Dearer than my bridal bed.
And I'll give thee tears, my husband,
If the tears remain to me,
When the widows of the foemen,
Cry the coronach for thee!

THE worst dark spot in the prospect for the winter lies in the discharge of railway laborers. These men are not numerous enough, perhaps, to impart anything of an insurrectionary character to the disturbances which they are sure to create in want and idleness; but they are strong, brutal men—they have been pampered—they will feel the pinch of destitution, and will be doubly exasperated by the appetite for enjoyment and the gnawing of hunger in their robust and angry stomachs. Crime will abound this winter—crimes of violence and hateful excesses; and extraordinary precautions must be taken to check the lawless, if we would not have the horrors of stormed cities in our towns and rural districts.—*Spectator*, 20 Nov.

From Fraser's Magazine.

COINCIDENCES. A TALE OF FACTS.

I.

My mind and heart are full, yet I fear to take up the pen. I would fain write a short story of some things which happened to myself—a simple, yet a strange tale, wherefrom men may draw a moral if they choose. But it is true; and it hinges on facts which are the staple of our daily knowledge, though we lack the faith that would show us how they are linked together, and made to act upon each other by an unseen yet ever-working power; and, therefore, I doubt if it will be believed. Within this hour, in a part of London, whither my duties seldom call me—in the purlieus of Covent Garden—I have seen one, skulking under the shadow of night, who has brought back to my thoughts what happened many long years ago—scenes in which I was forced against my will to act, and yet in which I felt as if the sorrow had been my own. And here let me also say, that my story is not one of strong passions or glaring crimes. I am no skilled writer of cunningly schemed fictions, nor—did I even know how—should I care to harrow tender hearts with plots of wicked men, or scenes of poignant grief. My tale will only be a plain string of facts: it will have but one claim upon the reader's heart, which is, that it is *true*.

II.

About twenty years ago, in the little woody village of—, in Middlesex, there was a boy's school. It was *not* a seminary for young gentlemen; it was *not* a child-trap—"a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," for anxious mothers, or a commission agency for parents and guardians, or a huckster's-shop for butchers and bakers to exchange meat and bread for Latin and stripes; nor was it a house of torture for gentle hearts and emulous spirits, where a cold, low despotism chills and stifles the warm impulses of the childish nature, or a vile grinding tyranny stirs and stimulates the nascent passions in forms of monstrous precocity. It was *not* a place where the eternal welfare of living souls could be jobbed away against petty profits on bad beef and stick-jaw-pudding; nor where one stinted, coarse, unshapen moral uniform was forced by contract on all minds alike, whether by nature they were great or little, strong or weak. It was called a Boy's School; but it was something more: it was a family, where the time was spent in living and learning, where authority and coercion were unknown, because love and duty preoccupied their places.

The master, to be sure, seemed somewhat young to be the patriarch of such a little loving tribe. He was an M. A., and the clergyman of the village. His attainments were such as would have entitled him to aim at distinction in the church, but, though active-minded, he loved peace and retirement, and he had a passion for training and developing the minds of children, towards whom he felt a really Christian love.

His boys were his friends. He possessed the rare faculty of being able to descend to the level of their intelligence; and they opened their little hearts and minds to him as if he had been their brother, or their playfellow, as, indeed, out of school hours, he often was. Yet he had brought with him into the scene of his tranquil existence much insight into mankind—a store of that purer and better wisdom which is founded on a knowledge of the existence of evil, tempered by an ever-watchful hope for good.

One boy—he was the eldest of the school—was to Mr. Faber almost a companion. On his promising nature he had bestowed much care stimulating his habit of reverence, strengthening his honesty of spirit and passion for truth; and, while encouraging a naturally active benevolence and disposition to self-sacrifice for the sake of serving others, at the same time striving to develop and encourage discrimination and prudence. The youth's mind had thus attained a healthy and early maturity.

The master, who was in easy circumstances, kept a sort of little pony barouche—a neat affair, in which he and his wife could now and then pay a visit at a distance. Sometimes, when a commission was to be executed in a town not far distant, he would trust the boy I speak of to drive over for the purpose, with perhaps a quiet junior.

One day, the unpretending carriage and its youthful charioteer were on the way back to—, when, at the end of a plantation, a gentleman hailed the latter from a cottage-door. He was tall, remarkably handsome, and had a soft mode of address which instantly charmed the boy. He had a young lady on his arm.

"My little man, I wish you would do me a favor."

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

"Then, will you let this young lady ride as far as—, and set her down at the Merton Arms, to wait for me? She is not well enough to walk so far, and there is no hope of any other conveyance. I am obliged to wait here for an hour or so. I am sure I can trust her with you, my little gentleman; and I see you are a steady driver."

The young lady did not speak, but, as she stepped into the carriage, she bowed kindly to the boy, and slowly to the gentleman, and in a minute they were on the road. The youth made some friendly remark to his fair charge, but she only bowed, though still kindly. She spoke not a word; and her companion, who had already that instinctive respect for the sex, which is the true key to human happiness, forbore to intrude on her reserve. In less than an hour the chaise stopped at the inn; he jumped down, handed out his fair charge, whom he confided to the smiling landlady, and followed them into the inn parlor. Alone for a moment with the young lady, he saw that she was in tears. He felt sympathy, but he dared not speak. She thanked him courteously, as a young woman would thank a growing lad; and, on giving him her hand, she said, abruptly—

"Will you let me know the name of the young gentleman who has saved me this fatigue?"

Boy-like, he gave her his name and address; and he immediately proceeded back to the school, telling his master of the adventure. Mr. Faber, who never missed an opportunity of cultivating a new idea, listened attentively, and half seriously, half jocularly, complimented him on the "conquest" he had made, at the same time praising his delicacy and good management. And then the affair was soon forgotten.

It might have been a month or six weeks afterwards. One evening, in the twilight, after tea, as the master was seated with his wife and one or two of the principal boys, it was announced that the landlady of the Merton Arms wished to speak to Master —.

"Aha!" cried Mr. Faber, archly. Master — felt conscious that his face was red, yet he did not know why. The landlady was called in at his request, when she presented him with a note, superscribed in a small, delicate, female hand.

"Oho!" cried Mr. Faber, again, but rather gravely.

The boy handed the note to his master, who opened and read it with evident interest.

"It is from the young lady you set down at the Merton Arms. She begs that she may see you."

"Ah, poor young lady!" interposed the landlady; "she has been with us ever since. I'm sure she's a good young lady."

Mr. Faber reflected for a few moments; then his face resumed its usual cheering expression, and he said laughing—

"Well, Harry, I shall have instructed you to little purpose if I cannot trust you with this little adventure. I suppose she is, at least, a princess in disguise! Go back with Mrs. Critchett. I suppose the end of it will be that you will bring your fair innamorata to the parsonage house."

The youth did as he was desired.

Perhaps the reader thinks that this was very imprudent in the clergyman. In an ordinary case it would have been so, but Mr. Faber knew the lad's disposition well; and, moreover, it was his system to enforce, wherever it was possible, his precepts by example, thus preparing inexperienced minds for the realities of life.

In less than an hour a ring was heard at the bell.

"It is Harry come back from the princess!" cried Mr. Faber, laughing.

Harry it certainly was, but he had on his arm a young and singularly beautiful girl. Mr. Faber turned pale, and looked very grave. He had not expected that his jocular remark would be taken literally by his pupil. Mrs. Faber turned very red, and looked rather angrily at the new-comer.

The youth, in whom the adventure had inspired the natural courage of our sex when befriending the other, said—

"Sir, you have always told me never to depart from my word, even if spoken in jest."

"You are right—you are right, my boy. Well?"

"I am very anxious that this young lady should speak in private with you and Mrs. Faber. She will then return to the inn, where Mrs. Critchett is expecting her."

The master assented, and the three were left alone. The interview lasted two hours, or more. At the end of that time, a message was sent to the inn that the young lady would sleep at the parsonage. Mr. Faber said nothing to his pupil, beyond praising him for the kindness and decision he had shown; nor was it till two or three years after, when he had grown older, and was leaving the school for college, that he told him what had passed at the interview. In about a week from her arrival, the young lady again left, and her young champion heard no more about her. But the adventure left a strong impression on his memory.

III.

I was not always so steady as I am now. At first, the temptations of a London life are too much for a young man thrown suddenly in their way; on the other hand, if they do not lead to actual vice, they are almost a necessary school. At the time I refer to—perhaps twelve or fourteen years ago—I was a law student. One night I was, at a late hour, in one of those taverns frequented by young men who lead what they call a "fast" life, though anything more dull, stupid, senseless, and "slow," cannot be conceived. Although the tavern I speak of was, and I believe still is, one of the best and most popular of its kind, the room was but a large dungeon, boxed off on either side into separate places of confinement, where to sit and eat at ease was a feat for little men alone; and the atmosphere, heated to a poisonous degree with gas, reeked with the conflicting odors of innumerable and indescribable suppers. Here were to be nightly met a motley company, composed of sucking professionals like myself, intermingled with a few steady, toying citizens, to whom their conversation was a relaxation after their daily toil, and occasionally varied by the presence of a flashy, slangy-looking race of beings peculiar to some London taverns—wretched imitations of the cast-off habits of a few notorious aristocratic *roués*. Here men nightly sacrificed their rest, forcing untimely food on cloyed appetites, and drinking fiery stimulants without relish, save in the mad excitement they produced.

I sat in a box apart. This night there were not many persons present. I was quietly eating my chop, thinking how foolishly I had spent my evening. Insensibly my attention was attracted towards the opposite box, where a tall, florid, handsome man was entertaining a small knot of listeners with what seemed to be a good story, so frequent was the laughter. Without actually listening, yet I could not help hearing.

"Ah, but the way I got the girl was better than

all! I made regular love to her—honorable proposals, you know, and all that sort of thing; and the old mother was as proud as possible that her daughter had a 'gentleman' for a sweetheart. But she always wanted to put off the marriage; her daughter was too young, she said. The little one did not think so. As she was very romantic, (and, by the way, she had a nice romantic little name, too,) I persuaded her to elope, bought the license, and did everything 'quite proper,' you know."

I am really almost ashamed to pen the rest of his infamous story; yet, if these things are not known, where is the value of the warning? This man went on, in the coolest way, to relate, that his victim had eloped with him; that he had, in vain, manœuvred; till, at last, he was obliged to try what he called a "capital dodge," which he had once before used with success. Were not the truth of the tale established beyond a doubt, it would be difficult to believe that any human being could be such a fiend. The poor girl had, at last, begun to doubt; but, in the morning, he came to her with the license open in his hand, and said he was prepared to take her to church. Then he told, with passionate protestations, his "history;" that he had, in early youth, been inveigled into a marriage; that his wife had left him many years before, on finding herself deceived as to his property; that he knew not where she was, whether alive or dead; that, if he married again, he incurred the risk of the fate of a felon; but that, finally, so great was his devotion, he was prepared to peril all, and fulfil his promise. And then he conjured her to go to the church. The end may be guessed. By her virtue he conquered her virtue. By her very magnanimity and spirit of loving self-sacrifice he effected her ruin. He gave her a written promise of marriage, "on the death of his wife." Of course, he had no wife. Let no one too severely judge the unhappy girl. To be utterly ignorant of vice is almost as dangerous as to be vicious.

Not a word of this was lost on me. I was not sorry to see that even the half-intoxicated listeners had an instinct that it was a "little too bad." One of them asked—

"And what became of the young lady?"

The man, who was too much inflamed by wine to see the change in their manner, went on—

"Why, the way I got rid of her was better still. One day, I took her a-walk. She got tired, and we rested a moment in a cottage. A first-rate idea struck me. I had promised her that we should dine at the inn in the pretty village of —. I saw an empty carriage going in that direction. I asked the youngster who drove it to let her ride to the inn. The greenhorn was quite proud of his office. I need not say that I was off for London directly. I knew she'd be too proud to come back when she found it out."

"And you never heard of her again?"

"No, nor ever shall. But I believe she was obliged to hook the youngster, who was just get-

ting out of his hobble-de-hoyhood. I dare say she was his 'first love!'"

Unconsciously, seeing that I looked interested, he had addressed his latter sentences across to me. I stepped over, and said—

"But you have not told us the name, the romantic little name, of the girl?"

"Oh, she was called Rose!—pretty name, is n't it?"

"And her other name?"

"Ammerford."

I was now quite certain. I could bear it no longer.

"Monster! fiend! scoundrel!" I cried, to the utter astonishment of the spectators. "Know that your victim was saved! I can tell you the sequel of the story. Providence has protected her. She was restored to a life of virtue. I—I am the boy whom you would have duped, and whom now you seek to defame—*reptile!*"

In an instant a rumour was flung at my head. I rushed at the ruffian. Alas! I was no match for his science; I had only courage and passion on my side. I was in a fair way of suffering for my interference, when a new-comer changed the face of affairs.

When the wretch pronounced the name of the girl, I had fancied I heard something like a groan at the other end of the room, but I was too much excited to take much notice of it. To my surprise, a fine, strong-looking fellow stepped between us, saying to my antagonist—

"Mr. —, I have heard your disgusting story. You know me, and what it is to me to hear it. This is *my* business," turning to me; and then he covered the other with the most opprobrious epithets.

"You impudent rascal, how dare you speak to me in that manner!" roared the other; yet he quailed under the attack, but his pride made him fight. This time he had his match.

I never saw a man receive such a punishment. The doors of the tavern having been closed for the night against in-comers, the affair went off without the interference of the police. — was only too glad to slink off to his chambers; and as for my unexpected champion, he walked away, apparently overcome by deep feeling, and I knew not who or what he was.

To me, the coincidence seemed singular; and the instantaneous retribution, administered by one who was evidently interested, was something out of the common course of things. But there were more strange coincidences to come.

IV.

My professional duties and the turmoil of a tolerably active life soon obliterated from my mind all memory of the affair mentioned in the last chapter; indeed, except in connection with its antecedents and consequences, it was not of a character much to arrest the attention. I need scarcely say, too, that I soon gave up those habits of dissipation in

which most young men indulge, for at least a short time, when they are first thrown upon the world. I applied myself steadily to my profession, and do not suppose that, except when engaged in consultations, I ever was out of bed later than eleven o'clock. A tavern I never entered; a theatre, only when something great or remarkable was to be performed; and I need not remind the reader how little opportunity has of late been given for any indulgence of that sort. In short, I was one of the most regular and plodding men in a profession where steadiness and application conduce more certainly to success than in any other.

As a necessary consequence of these habits, I wanted to get married. When a man has experienced the advantage of practising the smaller virtues, he begins to long for that which is the greatest of all. If one is seriously bent on the delightful venture, Fortune is usually kind enough to throw a lottery ticket in the way; for I never listen to those men who say, "Oh, I would marry directly, but I can't get a wife!"

My ticket turned out a prize. I do honestly and sincerely feel that I was utterly unworthy of the preference shown in my favor, and my whole subsequent life has been devoted to striving to render myself worthy of her. I was on a visit to Mr. Faber, when I was first introduced to the family with which I now have at once the honor and the happiness to be allied. It is enough for the purposes of my tale to say, that there were two sisters, Mary (mine) and Eliza. I don't know which was the most beautiful. I think Mary had the strongest mind, but, perhaps, it was my vanity that suggested the idea. Eliza was extremely beautiful, but a little headstrong. After some difficulty, I became the accepted suitor of Mary, and, of course, a constant visitor at the house.

I now speak of what happened about six years ago.

I became conscious, after a short time had elapsed, that there was something going on of which I was not aware. At last I discovered that there was some secret between the sisters. I frequently asked Mary, but was as often put off with an arch laugh. Once I asked Eliza, but she blushed so scarlet, and looked so frightened, that I forbore to repeat my question. At length the secret came to light. Eliza had a lover. Mary told me the important fact one evening in the twilight, during a positively intoxicating excess of tenderness. Well, as soon as the ice was broken, Eliza could talk of nothing else. She evidently admired the unknown excessively. He was so handsome, so courteous, so well-read; he could sing so well, and ride so well; in short, he had every manly attraction under the sun. True, he was a little older than Eliza—it seemed to me more than a little; but she had always resolved never to marry a man who was not considerably in advance of her in point of years. It seemed to me that Eliza was *proud* of her lover; more than that, she loved him as a woman ought to love, and does love, when she loves. He had evidently struck

her imagination, and had obtained an ascendancy over her mind. I ought to add, that Eliza was to inherit a very large fortune—not only the same amount of money that Mary was to have, but, in addition, a considerable sum from a grand-aunt, who had formally made her her heir.

At length an important day came. The unknown was to come down and pay his betrothed a visit. I discovered that I was the chief cause of much of the anxiety I witnessed in the sisters; for Eliza had somehow conceived an opinion of my judgment, and was very nervous as to the impression her lover would produce. Mary, on the other hand, who was all affection, trembled lest I and my future brother-in-law should not like each other.

On the eventful day, I strolled over from the parsonage. There were the two sisters, with good old mamma in the corner smiling benignant satisfaction. Mary was grave; as for Eliza, I expected every moment to see her neckerchief fly off, her little heart thumped and thumped at such a rate.

At length there was a loud ring at the outer gate, then the sound of a horse's hoofs, then a domestic bustle in the passage, and then the lover was ushered in.

It was ——!

The monster turned pale as death when he saw me. With all his assurance and address, he was taken off his guard. But he saluted me distantly, in the manner of one who has been only introduced. The sisters exchanged glances.

"You know Mr. ——?" said Eliza.

"Yes," I said gravely; "Mr. —— and I have met before."

Poor Mary! All her worst fears were more than realized.

We talked on indifferent subjects for some time. At length a walk in the grounds was proposed. While we were out —— contrived to take me aside. He had made up for the part of a repentant sinner —perhaps, he calculated on the softness of the greenhorn again! He protested, he adjured, he conjured. He was utterly reformed. He had spent years in striving to find Rose, that he might make her the only reparation. Even now, could he find her, he would make the sacrifice: and so on. I listened quietly. His manner was too abject. It was not the real expression of manly contrition. I saw that the wretch was acting.

"Mr. ——," I said, "I shall do my duty, which is, to tell this family the simple facts: they can then act as they choose. Of this I am certain; the man who could do as you have done towards poor Rose must have the nature of a fiend. At all events, the risk is too great for an innocent creature like Eliza. Besides, I have heard of you since. I know that you have neglected your profession from having an independence. I have heard also that you have gambled away your fortune. You seek Eliza's fortune, not herself. No, sir, I shall do my duty, and you can take what steps you like."

He was livid with rage.

"Do you wish that I should give you *another* lesson?" said he, maliciously insolent.

"Pooh, pooh, sir! I am wiser now than I was then. Good day!"

I blame myself much that, from an instinctive dislike to come into contact with this man, I did not at once speak. I let a day elapse. That day had nearly proved fatal to poor Eliza: it would have done so, but for another "coincidence." When I again sought my dear Mary, she was grave, and spoke in a manner she had never yet used. Still, her hand trembled when I pressed it, and a tear stole down her cheek.

"Mary," I said, "where is your mother! I have a communication to make to her of the utmost importance to your sister's happiness."

"Oh! you need not do so: Mr. — has already confessed all. It was with shame that he did it; but he said your '—hypocrisy' (that was the word he said, Harry) compelled him," and the tears fell down her beautiful cheeks.

True it was, the scoundrel had made the most of his time, and had told his own story in his own way; but, in order to put me forever out of the witness-box, he had coined a lie, to the effect that he had intended to fulfil his promise, but that I had withdrawn the affections of the girl, and that I had forever concealed where she was to be found.

With Mary, a solemn assurance that it was a falsehood was enough, but Eliza looked on me with very different feelings. Her lover's influence was too strong even for the truth. He had, too, taken advantage of the affair to precipitate the marriage. A day, not very far distant, was fixed.

"But why," says the reader, "do you not bring Mr. Faber on the scene?" First, the parsonage I was now at was not the parsonage of the early story, but one in a different part of the country. Secondly, Mr. Faber and his wife had gone to the south of France with a consumptive child, and it was not known when they would return. It might be in a week, it might not be for months. They might be on the way home, they might have been obliged to stay longer, and we did not know where to address them. Thirdly, I was as much at home at the parsonage as if they had been there, having received permission to make use of it, as Paddy says, "for the convaynience o' coortin'."

I was in a most painful position. This manfiend had so well used his time, and his influence over Eliza, that she really believed I was the mean fellow he represented me to be. At once headstrong and imaginative, she took a sort of romantic interest in upholding her lover. She was ready to make any sacrifices for him. I was rapidly becoming *de trop* in the family. It was only by the affection and trustfulness of Mary that I held on. The old lady sided with the strongest character, but without diving very deeply into the case. Old people often mistake suspicion and cunning for wisdom; and it was more easy for her to suspect me of the artifice attributed to me than, by a strong effort, to see the truth. Meanwhile, I cared little except for poor Eliza. I

knew that time would clear me; but, in the meanwhile, the day for the marriage was approaching fast. What was to be done? Oh, for one minute of Mr. Faber! That would settle all.

As far as matters went, falsehood had triumphed over truth. Mr. Crayford was believed, I was not believed. Daily I trembled more and more for Eliza.

v.

The marriage was to take place in two days. I had conjured, protested in vain. The more efforts I made, the more haughtily and even obstinately did Eliza cling to her lover. I was in an agony. I foresaw her destiny, yet had not the means to avert it, having, from the very nature of the case, no proofs. Mary was true to me, but there was a gravity in her demeanor which pained me severely. She, too, was evidently, like her sister, more influenced by her lover than by her convictions. My antagonist was extending his fatal power. I knew not what to do.

A bell sounded. It was the postman, a rare visitor at the house, whose arrival always caused a sensation. He left a letter addressed to Eliza. I know not whence came the presentiment, but it gave me a sort of undefined hope. The letter was from the aged relative I spoke of, who had adopted my future sister-in-law, and it ran thus:—

"MY DEAREST CHILD—I should not rest in my grave if I had not been present on the occasion which is to decide the happiness of your future life. It is not enough that I highly approve of the young man you have chosen—I must be there when you give him your hand. I must give you my blessing at the altar, and then I shall die in peace. But a severe attack of my old complaint makes it impossible for me to set out to-day, as I had wished. Can you, will you, postpone this marriage for a few days, that I may enjoy almost my only remaining wish in this world? Ever, my child, your own affectionate aunt.

"P. S. You know I have advertised for a new companion, one who can read to me my favorite German authors. I have received one answer which pleases me much. The young lady writes from —, and as that town is nearer to you than to my place, I have asked her to come over there."

This was a respite. I looked at Crayford. He was pale with anger and disappointment. Here was his prize removed a short distance from his expectant grasp. Bad men have no trust in the future. For my part, though my position was not bettered, yet to have gained time was something. Mr. Faber might come: I knew his influence was great.

Three or four days passed over. "Aunt," as she was called, arrived, and I made her acquaintance. She was really a good-natured, well-informed, charming old maid, and not at all likely to die in a hurry. Fortunately, I am pretty well read in German literature, and I flatter myself I had a little advantage over my antagonist in some other respects. He had spent too much time in vicious indulgence to have read much. In short, "aunt" and I "cottoned" to each other admira-

bly, and insensible my position improved. So much for the presentiment.

Another day had, of course, been fixed for Eliza's marriage. At the earnest prayer of Mary, and even of Eliza, who unbent so far, I consented to remain silent on a subject which they regarded as already disposed of. I never could withstand a woman's tears; and, besides, Crayford had played his part so well, each time he had come to visit his intended, that really my own resolution almost shook. I doubted whether, without proofs, I ought to go further.

The evening before the wedding-day, I received a hurried note from Mary. "What was she to think of me! The young woman who was to come to meet her aunt, when asked for a reference, had actually given my name and address! I must come over immediately and explain myself, or her heart would break!"

I galloped over like a madman, or like the Erl King, or Tam o'Shanter. Mary's letter was a mystery. What young woman could have given a reference to me! Was it some new trick of Mr. Crayford?

I arrived. I was ushered into the drawing-room, where was assembled all the family, evidently prepared for a "scene." Eliza looked triumphant, Mary was in tears.

"What is all this?" I cried. "For God's sake, speak! Mary says some young woman has given a reference to me. Who is she? What is she? Where is she?"

I was in a rage at being thus hastily and groundlessly suspected. Till now, I had not been fully sensible of the extent to which the poison of my antagonist had worked.

"Aunt," answered—

"The young lady, sir, is not yet come. It was by letter she sent the reference to you. We are expecting her."

Under other circumstances, I should only have laughed the thing away as an absurdity. But my feelings had been wrought up for many days. I knew that the best that Eliza could hope for would be to her high spirit unhappiness. And what more contributed to excite me on the occasion was, that Mary had not as usual saluted me, but had sat apart in grief. Strange to say, my seriousness contributed to fortify their suspicions.

At length the young lady was announced. Of course, the reader has anticipated who she was. It was now nearly fifteen years since I had parted from poor Rose. She was still a young woman, but her beauty had become more mature than when her lovely face in tears first touched my boyish feelings in the little parlor of the Merton Arms. What struck me most, however, was the dignity of her carriage, and a striking air of high breeding exhibited even in her simplest gestures.

I pass over the explanations. It pained me much to be compelled to revive the memory of Rose's early griefs; but the case was desperate. The artlessness, yet earnestness, with which she told her story, quite cleared me from the slander-

ous insinuations of my antagonist. Even Eliza's confidence left her.

At length Mr. Crayford was announced. I had laid out my plan of action. I knew that, with all his successful villany, this fellow had not presence of mind. As he entered the room Rose was sitting with her back to the door. I gave him no time to suspect. I took her by the hand and led her up to him.

"Rose Ammerford!" I said.

Had she come from the tomb, he could not have been more affrighted. He turned livid, gave one shriek, covered his face with his hands, and vanished like a bottle-demon from the house.

Perhaps the reader says that this return of Crayford's early vision at the opportune moment is improbable. I answer, that I do not write probabilities, but facts. My tale exhibits a moral agency working in the shape of "Coincidences." The explanation of the improbability is this:—When Mr. Faber determined to protect Rose Ammerford, he interested in her behalf an elderly lady of his acquaintance, who was of an eccentric turn, but whose eccentricity chiefly took the shape of benevolence. She engaged Rose, first as a sort of lady's-maid, but soon became so attached to her, from her goodness and natural abilities, that she made her her companion, developed her tastes, and improved her in those accomplishments which she had been taught as a child. The lady's passion was for travelling. She seldom rested anywhere for more than a few months. Rose always accompanied her; and frequently she had told her that she had taken care to provide for her future life. Many years passed over. Always in motion, they made many acquaintances, but no permanent friends. Suddenly, the old lady died, and without having time to do anything for poor Rose. This was in a foreign capital—in Germany. Rose, who had become quite a woman of business, wound up the lady's affairs; and, after paying herself the balance of her salary, caused the produce of the lady's effects to be remitted to the bankers in London. All they knew of the lady was, that she had left with them a power of attorney to receive her dividends, and pay them to her order. The cause of the lady's eccentricity had been some family affairs; and she had never given Rose the slightest clue to her relations. Therefore Rose determined, when she returned to England, to apply to Mr. Faber. He was gone abroad. But, in the mean while, her funds were being exhausted; and she sought employment, and found it, in the way I have described. Positively, she had no other means of identifying herself than by giving my name and address. Observe, good reader, that if I were afraid of that bugbear of the super-wise, "improbability," I should not dare to record the *fact* of that singular "coincidence," which brought Rose face to face with her seducer, the very night when the beauty and virtue, the character and the property of Eliza, were alike about to be sacrificed to his cupidity. "Probability" would not have made Rose mention my name;

and we should not have been brought into contact till after the marriage ceremony, when the discovery would only have aggravated the suffering.

In a few days after, Mr. Faber and his family returned, when all Rose's story was confirmed. He put her in the way of discharging her last duties to her eccentric friend. She was at once engaged at a handsome salary by "Aunt," with whom, in a week or two, she departed for the place of the latter in —shire.

As for Eliza, her pride supported her. Had she loved Crayford more, she would have suffered more. She has found a more worthy partner. Mary has long been mine.

VI.

Two more "Coincidences," and I will weary you, good reader, no more.

"Aunt" and Rose got on capitally together. "Aunt," who was the best-tempered, most delicate-minded creature possible, took care that Rose should never feel that she was a dependant. She was a little "blue," too, and was proud of Rose, who could play and sing well, and spoke many languages, besides having read a great deal. I have already said that she was handsome. Is it surprising, then, that she had many admirers?

One there was who paid her special attention. He was what is called a gentleman farmer, in the neighborhood; and he had the reputation of being wealthy. He was comparatively a new comer; and it was understood that he had made money in London, with which he had come down and bought the property on which his father had been a very small tenant. The gossip was, that he had been a barrister's clerk. A barrister's clerk is a mysterious personage, with no known local habitation. His only apparent resting-place, for any time, is in some gloomy chamber in Lincoln's-Inn, or the Temple, whither dingy-looking, sallow-faced votaries continually make their way, as if to consult some oracle. At other times, he glides about the courts, a dark, shadowy nonentity, without a name, and seemingly without an occupation, unless, indeed, for some sins, he is condemned to bear about forever a stupendous bag. He is a being without an identity. He is Mr. So-and-so's clerk—nothing more. No man ever suspected that he had a name, or, perchance, that he ate or slept. It seems that he is a sort of jackal to that proud beast of prey, the barrister. In their first association, he helps to mark and hunt down the quarry: later, when, perchance, the young lion becomes the lord of the forest, and crowds of willing victims flock to his den in the Temple, the jackal is allowed his share of the prey. Every fee, every refresher given to the barrister, is accompanied by a delicate whet to the appetite of the clerk. Sometimes these clerks are wise men, and amass money, either by saving, or lending at interest, or by advantageous buying and selling on information acquired during professional pursuits. Many a barrister would gladly exchange his yearly revenue for that of the clerk of a Wilde, or a Follett, or a Thesiger.

Rose's suitor had amassed a considerable sum in this manner, with which he had retired, as I have described. He was evidently deeply in love with her. He was a tall, fine man, and extremely well-informed. The neighboring gentry even were glad of his society.

At length he made Rose a formal offer of marriage. She wrote him a very kind and considerate answer, but firmly declined. He propitiated "Aunt," who at length brought about an interview.

Rose spoke frankly to him. She was by no means indifferent to his worth or his attentions; she could even have entertained the idea of marriage with him; but she entreated him not to press his proposals, yet not to deprive her of his society. There were circumstances which rendered it impossible that she could marry him.

He took her hand. He begged permission to speak. His love would bear down all obstacles. Would she only say one word? Would she only afford him the right to persuade her?

She did not withdraw her hand, but, blushing deeply, she murmured—

"No, no, sir! it is impossible!"

"Oh! I can bear it no longer. Rose! Rose! I know all. You have forgotten me; but I have ever remembered you. Years ago, when you were little more than a child, I loved you; but I dared not tell you of my love, for I was only a poor copying clerk, and you were so beautiful. Then that villain, Crayford, crossed your path, and I thought you were lost to me forever!"

"And yet, knowing this, you would marry me?"

"Yes!"

"Then, my life shall be devoted to rendering myself worthy of such a noble heart!"

The gentleman-farmer was the young man who had saved me from being soundly thrashed by Crayford in the tavern in — street. Another "Coincidence," good reader, which will, I hope, impress you as strongly as it did me.

This morning they were married—married by Mr. Faber. Myself and Mary, Eliza and her husband, my mother-in-law and "Aunt," were present at the ceremony. Mary and I were obliged to leave for town by an early train; and I sent her home from the station in a cab, having an unusual professional visit to pay. Not far from Covent Garden market I was accosted by one who demanded alms, but not in quite an ordinary tone. The man was emaciated, and in tatters, but his clothes had once been of good make; and there was an undefinable something in his manner. My face was shrouded in a cloak.

"I assure you, sir," said he, "I am not a common beggar!"

And the bow with which he put in, what had once been his waistcoat pocket, the piece of silver I gave him, proved it. He shuffled away. I watched him. He entered the nearest gin-palace, challenging three or four of the lowest girls, who were at the door, to come in for a "treat."

It was Crayford—true to his character to the last!

Subsequent inquiries confirmed my expectations. He had gambled and squandered away all his money, had then become an habitual drunkard, and now lived on the chance charity of those on whom his gentlemanly manner might impose.

PUNCH.

KING DEATH'S DISCOMFITURE.

CRUEL DEATH woke up, t' other day,
And his pale horse he bade saddle;
And Plague and Pain, with the rest of his train,
Set his majesty a-straddle.

For his old-fashioned skeleton suit, he
Took the dress of a sewer-commissioner;
Or, perhaps, it might be the livery
Of a homœopathic practitioner.

His scythe was pared down to a lancet,
And, riding along, his orisons
On a chaplet he sung, where, alternate, were strung
A Parr's Life Pill and a Morrison's.

First he rode to the east, where, unto a feast,
His friends had lately invited him,
And saw Cholera at work, on Russian and Turk,
In a style that quite delighted him.

He'd fain have asked Cholera to England;
But finding him busy, pens a
Short note to say, if he can't step that way,
Perhaps he'll send Influenza.

"Though, indeed," thought Death, as he sent it,
"I shall scarce know how to receive her;
For on every spot where there's rent to be got,
I've my resident agent, Fever.

"Apropos, why not ride towards London,
To see how my business is thriving?
For Typhus and Co., my agents, I know,
A roaring trade are driving."

So he turned his pale horse's head round,
Who sniffed the fat British Malaria,
And was off like the wind, leaving Cholera behind,
To his spare meal of Serf and Pariah.

And the pale horse kicked, and Death he licked
His chaps, in anticipation
Of the glorious whet he was certain to get
From the liberal British nation.

He thought of each drain—a dunghill;
Each sewer—a sludge and slime-house;
Of Whitechapel, St. Giles' and Westminster,
Of Poplar, and Lambeth, and Limehouse.

And he blessed his friends, the wiseacres,
Who at centralization grumble,
While they'll die with delight for a vested right,
And bow down to an autocrat Bumble.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Death, as he drew in the
breath
From foul court and stinking alley,
"That's the wholesome scent of 'self-government,'
The true reek of 'Laissez-aller!'"

"A fig for your Smiths and your Chadwicks,
With their Health of Towns petitioners;
They may write, rave, and roar, while I've still to
the fore
Seven hundred good sewer commissioners.

So much for "Coincidences." I repeat, that the foregoing is but a string of facts. Let the reader draw a moral if he will. I do not presume to do so; but of this I am certain, that there are many more such events in life, had we the insight or the faith to see and to appreciate them.

"The works they prepare, suit us to a hair,
And Typhus declares, in each sewer he
Has the run of a sort of poison-retort
On the scale of Barclay's brewery;

"Where of knock-me-down gases each other sur-
passes,
Till he's puzzled his judgment in fixing
Between 'very fine hydrogen' and 'curious old
nitrogen,'
And 'sulphurets, extra for mixing.'"

When, by Gwydyr House door, his friend Typhus
he saw,

In a state of the utmost prostration,—
"Why, how now!" quoth Death, pulling up out
of breath,

"What's the meaning of this consternation?"
"You may say 'consternation,' for our occupation,"
Sighed Typhus, "is gone like Othello's;
Our roaring trade has been knocked on the head
By these sanitary fellows.

"They've persuaded the chancellor the commis-
sions to cancel, or
At least in the *Times* I've just read he has
Sent the writ that suspends our worthy old friends,
Called a writ of 'Supersedeas.'

"And the twenty new brooms, just stuck up in
their rooms,
For clean-sweeping are all in a hurry;
We shall soon find no quarter on this side the
water,

And must leave our snug lodgings in Surrey!
"From each sewer and drain they'll wash out,
might and main,
Any hard-working Fever that haunts it;
Soon, a poor Plague wont know where the dickens
to go
For a drop of good gas when he wants it.

"A way out of the mess I can't think of, unless
Yourself with Lord John you could closet,
And get from him an act, making sewers banks, in
fact,
Of plague-issue and poison-deposit."

Sighed Death, "I ne'er looked for such treatment
From a whig administration;
But our vested right, sure, in cesspool and sewer,
Gives us claim to compensation."

"I tried that already," quoth Typhus,
"But no justice whatever they'd do to me,
Though I sent my schedule in, when they first took
to meddling,
Of ten thousand deaths yearly due to me.

"No—we're turned adrift, for ourselves to shift;
Best bear our hard fate with patience!"

"'T was n't so in old days," growled Death, going
his ways;

"But these are your innovations!"

So King Death and Lord Typhus, disgusted
With sanitary ravages,
Determined on quitting ungrateful Great Britain,
And settling among the savages.

PATRIOTIC MEETING OF THE TAXES.

LAST week a meeting of a great many of the Taxes—known to Englishmen—was held at No. 17, Old Bond street, the office of the Society for the Protection of Agricultural and British Industry. It is not for us to attempt to anatomize the whimsical motive that induced the parties composing the meeting to choose such a place of gathering—we have, as chroniclers, only to state the fact. The room was found to be quite large enough for the Taxes attending; for, if all the Taxes known throughout the country had determined upon coming together, perhaps no space short of that of Salisbury Plain would have comfortably accommodated them.

The room was copiously sprinkled with the deodorizing fluid, in consequence of the folly—that, it was feared, might be infectious—remaining from a recent meeting of the Protection Society.

The chancellor of the exchequer took the chair; and, as it appeared to us, very unwillingly addressed the meeting. He said he had consented to the wishes expressed by a deputation, by presiding that day; but he should be wanting in candor, did he not at once declare that he expected no practical good whatever from the present meeting. It appeared that a great many Taxes—touched with remorse and compunction for the cruelty, extortion, and worry they were in the daily habit of exercising upon the comfort and industry of the country—wished to sacrifice themselves; in a word to patriotically render up their existence for the prosperity and happiness of the people in general. Now, however laudable their intention might be—however romantically beautiful in theory—it was impossible, he thought, to reduce it to practice. The tax-gatherer was no other than a soldier out of uniform; it was his business to bleed, and despoil, and entertain no lackadaisical feelings on the matter. His sword was his pen, and his musket his inkhorn. He (the chancellor) had, however, in obedience to a general wish, taken the chair, and would endeavor to the best of his ability to go through the business of the meeting.

Mr. Income Tax rose to make the first remonstrance, expressive of a wish that at the end of the present session of Parliament he should be allowed to die with decency. Since begotten by his father, Sir Robert Peel—he wished, as a child, to speak if possible with becoming decency of his parent—he had passed a most wretched existence. He had been abused as a tyrant and a despoiler, who had compelled respectable people to give up their gigs—who had been put forward as the scapegoat, by husbands, who had reduced their wives' household expenses—and had even been accused of keeping families all the year in town, when—before his time—they were always permitted to go to Margate or Brighton. Young ladies had been denied their boxes at the play—schoolboys had had their pocket-money reduced to half—and all the fault put upon him. In every parish he was abused as a contemptible prying rascal—poking his nose into every man's pocket, and turning over the leaves of every man's ledger. In a word, like Curtius, or Regulus, or any other heathen patriot, he wished to be allowed to die for the comfort of the country.

The chairman, with a grim look, shook his head.

Mr. Window Tax then rose. He said he had heard a great deal about a sanitary movement. The government, it was said, wished to come before the people of England with clean hands. Now, as in the pagan time, the divinities were conciliated by the sacrifice of a victim—he expressed

his readiness to be offered up to the pious wrath of the sanitary commissioners. They had, it appeared, made their report—a report, which was, in fact, his death warrant. He was glad of it; he received the intelligence with a solemn cheerfulness. And it might be asked—Wherefore? He would at once declare it. He was devoured by remorse and horror. He could not count the deaths that might be lawfully laid at his door. He could not wash away the engrained mortal dye that stained his hands. (*Great sensation.*) Had he not been made the foster-father of fever? Had not his whole existence been passed in overt acts of darkness? When he appeared in courts and alleys, he was burnt with blushes; not so much for the money he received for light—as though sunbeams were to be weighed in the scales of government like shekels in the scales of the mint—(*Cheers*)—but for the gloom and consequent filth that his tyranny everywhere enforced. If he blushed to take money for the windows that remained, how much more did he blush for the windows that his oppression had caused to be stopped up—(*Cheers*)—for the windows that, out of dread of him, had never been pierced? (*Loud cheers.*) Knowing the sickness he had brought upon the poor, he was weary and ashamed of his life. He however felt it impossible that his existence could continue with any sincere endeavor of the government to amend the household condition of the people. He gave them fair warning. Cholera was coming. He had helped the fiend before—and it was not for him to declare how much he would assist the demon now. In fact, he hardly knew himself. But this he knew—that if he helped Cholera in the courts and alleys of the poor, Cholera would reward him for the assistance by working with added energy in the squares and crescents of the rich. He would no longer be made a boon companion with gloominess. It should no longer be said of Window Tax and Black Obscurity—

“And so, between his darkness and his brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.”

To continue the existence of himself—of Window Tax—and to profess a desire for sanitary reform, was the grossest fiscal hypocrisy. It was to make seeming friends of a spirit of light and a fiend of darkness. (*Cheers.*) In conclusion, Mr. Window Tax begged to be immolated—if they would, by the benevolent hand of Dr. Southwood Smith—on the hearthstone of the poor. If he was still to exist, after any attempted sanitary act, he should think himself ten times the hypocrite he *had* been all along. (*Cheers.*)

The chairman stroked his chin and said—nothing.

Mrs. Taxupontea—a draggled, dirty matron, with a very bloated, carbuncled face—rose, and said—or rather hiccuped—that she too was tired of her life. The tax upon her was so heavy, that she was compelled to go to the gin-shop, when, upon her word and honor, and as she wished to be a decent body, she would much rather prefer to take a dish of bohea or congou by her own fireside. It was very well to talk about temperance, but it was made to cost too much money. And so the poor went to the gin-noggin, when otherwise, she was certain on it, they would rally round the teapot. Mrs. Taxupontea concluded a very juniper speech with a low curtsey, and a stammering request of the chairman, “to be allowed to die for the benefit of families.”

A great many other Taxes wished to address the chair, but the right hon. baronet said he had sat

there long enough. He had nothing to say at present, but would give his answer on the floor of the house of commons. Hereupon many Taxes became very boisterous, crowding and pressing about the right hon. gentleman. He was, however, finally rescued by a body of police sent immediately from the home office, by Sir George Grey, upon his hearing of the imminent danger of his cabinet fellow-laborer.

THE QUESTIONS ON THE SHELF. A SEVERE LYRIC.

To be sung to Classical Music.

WHERE are the questions of a former day,
The agitations of the latter years?
How hath the vote by ballot passed away?
Of universal suffrage now who hears?
Where are they to be found?
In the ocean of our troubles,
With the wrecks of railway bubbles;
In the Irish gulf profound,
Drown'd, drown'd, drown'd!
Where sleep the thunders of thy rising storm,
Five-pointed Charter? Where, ah! where art thou?
Whither is fled the spirit of reform?
Where is it all—the rumpus and the row?
The hubbub hath been hushed,
And the struggle for organic
Reformation, by the panic
On the nation that hath rushed,
Crush'd, crush'd, crush'd!
There was a voice that cried "Amend the law!"
Why is it silent, brazen-throated Brougham?
What is it that hath paralyzed thy jaw?
Alas! the demon of commercial gloom.
He doth enchain thy tongue;
And thy mouth—its vocal member
Mute as song-bird's in December,
Tuneless as a harp unstrung—
Bung, bung, bung!

And where are all the grievances and claims
Of the mechanic and the lab'ring man?
What has become of certain promised aims
To right the peasant and the artisan,
Ill-paid and over-worked?
Of the monetary question
They are merged in the digestion,
Sunk, and swamped, and shelved, and
shirked;
Burk'd, burk'd, burk'd!

THE BLESSINGS OF CHLOROFORM.

Air—"Run, Neighbors, Run," &c.

Oh! what a host, what an infinite variety,
Rapt Imagination, in her transports warm,
Pictures of blessings conferred upon society
By the new discovery of chloroform!
Applications, amputations, denudations, perforations,
Utterly divested of all disagreeable sensations;
Like your coat-tail in a crowd—some clever cut-
purse stealing it—
Arms and legs are now whipped off without our
ever feeling it.

Take but a sniff at this essence anæsthetic,
Dropped upon a handkerchief, or bit of sponge,
And on your eyelids 't will clap a seal hermetical,
And your senses in a trance that instant plunge.
Then you may be pinched and punctured, bumped
and thumped, and whacked about,

Scotched, and scored, and lacerated, cauterized, and
hacked about;
And though tender as a chick—a Sybarite for queas-
iness—
Flayed alive, unconscious of a feeling of uneasiness.

Celsus will witness our deft surgeons presently,
Manage operations as he said they should;
Doing them "safely, and speedily, and *pleas-
antly*,"

Just as if the body were a log of wood.
Teeth, instead of being drawn with agonies immeas-
urable,
Now will be extracted with sensations rather pleas-
urable;
Chloroform will render quite agreeable the parting
with
Any useless member that a patient has been smart-
ing with.

Then of what vast, of what wonderful utility,
Viewed in its relation to domestic bliss,
Since, in a trice, it can calm irritability,
Surely such a substance will be found as this!
Scolding wife and squalling infant—petulance and
fretfulness,
Lulling, with its magic power, *instantèr*, in forget-
fulness;
Peace in private families securing, and in populous
Nurseries, whene'er their little inmates prove "ob-
strepulous."

When some vile dun with his little bill is vexing
you;
When the tax collector's knock assails your
door;
When aught is troubling, annoying, or perplex-
ing you;
When, in short, you're plagued with any kind
of bore,
Do not rage and fume and fret, behaving with stu-
pidity,
Take the matter quietly with coolness and placidity,
Don't indulge in conduct and in language reprehens-
ible—
Snuff a little chloroform, be prudent, and insensible.

CROCHET SAMPLERS FOR MEMBERS.

Colonel Sibthorpe.—Work one observation, con-
demnatory of railways in the lump, into every de-
bate on whatever question before the house.

Mr. John O'Connell.—Work the wrongs of Ire-
land into a long speech, no matter how irrelevant
to the occasion. Spin a yarn of two hours, twist
facts to your purpose; miss one point—the loan of
the £16,000,000—repeat, and end where you be-
gan. Work the repeal crochet in an endless round
of abuse.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor.—Work the charter in
five points; make a chain of reasoning with several
hitches; go on till you have worked out the patience
of the house, and wind up.

Lord Brougham.—Work all the crochets you can
think of at one sitting; work everybody and every-
thing; miss no opportunity; take up the thread of
every other noble lord's discourse—and cut it short.

THE steed called lightning, (say the Fates,)
Is owned in the United States.
'T was Franklin's hand that caught the horse,
'T was harnessed by Professor Morse.
Chronotype.

THE NEW IRISH PEACE BILL.

You refused a coercion bill, says an Irish member to ministers, when there were fifty murders a month, and now you ask for one when there are only nineteen murders a month. But Sir George Grey had already shown, that if the crimes in all Ireland are fewer than they have been at other periods, there is an alarming increase in certain districts. And statistics fail to make out the whole case. If the "homicides" (the official euphuism for murder) were to reach four places of figures, the fact would fail to create any very powerful sensation: the sight of a single bloodstained bullet of the hundreds that have been reddened this season would do more than the most multitudinous figures. Arithmetic is too abstract for eloquence and feeling. On the other hand, the cases which Sir George recites are too few and too meagre in the narrative to give any adequate idea of the aspect presented by the country in which they occur. The distant reader, for whom these descriptions are prepared, must fill up the picture by the exercise of the fancy. Imagination must vivify the dry statistics. A Carleton or a Lever can teach more, in quantity, in vividness, and in truth, than these dry "facts;" the thing wanted being a full idea of the social state which pervades the criminal district. It is not because Mr. Roe or Major Mahon has been murdered that we all agree to a coercion act, but because the bonds of society are loosened; and such letters as those received by Mr. and Mrs. McCausland speak more than the actual "homicides." The reader, then, must use these raw materials of "facts and figures" to perform for himself the office of a Carleton or a Lever.

When shots, not all of them aimless, are heard every half hour in the day—when bonfires at night are the illumination for some death actually inflicted—it is not difficult to paint the feelings in which those of the victim class must pass the hours. One can see the family of the landlord gathered round the dinner-table, start at the sound of the gun outside, not merely as sensitive young ladies in England will jump, but as those do who familiarly associate the idea of human death with the sound of the fowling-piece. Just as the butler removes the first cover—hark! there's a gun! All eyes are turned towards the father of the house, and are reassured by his presence. No shriek or outcry. The dinner goes on: it is half over—another! They listen again; but all are together, and familiarity makes danger not so fearful. It is otherwise in the house on the next property. The family are waiting for dinner: the quick dull blow of a gunshot on the ear strikes dismay in the assembled drawing-room—papa has not yet come in! But he does come in presently; though gloomy and disordered, because as he walked among his own people, servilely bowing to his "honor," he recognized in the savage restlessness of their glittering eyes that fierce levity which might make them his assassins the next instant: it was indeed a toss-up whether he should reach the hall-door alive; and

he walks along, nodding to his future assassins, his body coated with the stiff uneasy consciousness that it is viewed by the eyes of deadly sportsmen. For in Ireland the landlord is the game on his own preserve. Again, in the house on the next grounds, the dinner-bell has rung when the first shot is heard—but no one goes to the dining-room, for papa is out: there is a running about the lands—a bustle in the hall—the lady of the house leaves the room, followed by her daughters—*somebody* has been hurt: "it is papa!" Yes, there he lies, a ghastly sight even for alien eyes, but one that those gentle eyes never forget. In the agent's house not far off, the shot is heard, and people look to the doors and windows; for this house is not so strongly defended. But the agent has escaped this time. The two other great families hasten off, while yet alive, to Dublin: their agents cannot so easily abandon the place on which a livelihood depends; although the postman has distributed a circular all round threatening death. So the women remain prisoners in the house, for murder is abroad in the streets and fields.

Mike Doherty there, who is running with one shoe on, is known to have been a murderer before, and looks as if he had just been so again. The servants about the house—are they terror-stricken that they cannot see the obvious Doherty, or are they in league with him? are they too murderers? how many of them? which of them? Alas, no one can tell; and the family must sleep at nights content to run the chance of having a murderer more or less on the premises. The spectacle of men practising the art of murder, by shooting at an old hat, is too common to be a wonderment. So life goes on, till the sound of shots by day and the blaze of fires by night grow familiar gossip, like the eruption of the mountain to the inhabitants near a volcano.

The effectual application of Sir George Grey's bill to such a neighborhood would totally alter the daily aspect of the place. The half-hour guns would cease; the most familiar object abroad, in place of ragamuffin idlers practising at a mark or loitering assassins on the watch for the coming of "their murdered man," would be a number of green-coated policemen, with guns on their shoulders—weapons seldom sounding, and always giving a sense of protection instead of danger: the ragged felons running about in all the mad excitement of blood would have retreated, either sulking at home in harmless moodiness, or at last returning to industrious work. But now the terror would be transferred to different abodes. Once more the women at the great house would breathe at ease. If a gun were heard a cheek might be pale, but hope would remain; for papa would be well protected. It is in the cabin now that the sound would strike terror. The wife would clasp her hands and look out: "Oh! is it Mike that has braved the law and brought it down upon himself? is it Mike that is to go to prison, and be hanged, or sent out of the land? is it Mike that is helping to keep that terrible police watching the neighbor-

hood, levying a black mail on the poor people to pay for that green-coated army of occupation! is it Mike that is that wicked fool?" Mike rushes in, terror-stricken. "Oh! is it *you*, Mike?" No, no; he is not the guilty fool. Some one bangs at the door. "It is I, Mike," says a hoarse voice; "open the door: *they* are after me!" But Mike listens without stirring; an oath, a rush of feet, a silence—Pat Braghnan has gone. Two policemen run up: Mike opens his door; he proves that Braghnan is not there; the policemen, however, turn out the protesting Mike; the whole country is astir; Braghnan is hunted from cabin to cabin, through bush and brake; he is found skulking in a ditch; and Mike is set free, rejoicing, perhaps for the first time in his life, in the practical immunity of innocence. It is those in the cabin that now listen with fear to the sound of the gun—they have ceased to be the privileged class: they long for the time when those hated but feared police shall be taken away, and groan at the sound of every gun that renews the lease of those detested lodgers; they begin to hate and despise the fools that help to keep them there by this senseless playing with deadly weapons, and set down the odious police-tax—not to be evaded by cajolery—as a debt against such lawless neighbors. It is in the cabin that terror, and tribulation, and a sickening, longing wish for order in the neighborhood, now abide. The strong iron hand of the law is on the whole people: the criminal community has struggled in vain; it knows its master, and crouches down, trembling, subdued, and quiet.

No shots are heard. Perfect peace reigns all round. The green-coated men, are collected; they are marched away, and seen no more. The subdued district is once more free. No one listens in fear. If the landlord and his children no longer shrink at the sight of the armed ragamuffin, the laborer and his wife no longer cower at the sight of the armed policeman. Crime has been paid for, bitterly, in tribulation, in the hard coin of the police-tax; in confessed vanquishment—the hardest of all possible penalties. Without a present police or the instant terror of penalty, the spirit of law abides in the place. Such is the change which may be realized in the lawless district, *after Sir George Grey's bill shall have been effectually carried out.*—*Spectator*, 4 Dec.

CHOLERA.

THE First Report of the Sanatory Commissioners, published 2 Dec., relates more especially to the measures for the prevention of Asiatic cholera, a subject which was referred to the commission for its earliest attention; but the measures suggested necessarily have a larger scope. The official report will not supersede further scientific inquiry into the nature of the disease and the mode of its propagation; but for immediate practical purposes, the document seems to establish the following data as the basis of practical and *practicable* measures. Cholera is not contagious; its progress coincides

with the line of rivers and watercourses; in towns it prevails most in the dampest and poorest neighborhoods; humid and impure air are its great predisposing causes, low diet and other depressing influences probably aiding the predisposition. The great preventives, of a broad and general nature, are ventilation and cleansing. Cleanly people, as the Dutch, or the Gallicians in comparison with the Slavonians, enjoy a marked immunity. For thorough prevention the metropolis would need a thorough reconstruction of its drainage; but without waiting for any plans so tedious, the commissioners suggest immediate stops to improve existing arrangements, to cleanse out sewers, and augment the draught of water. They do not recommend any renewed use of cholera hospitals, but suggest the much more effective measure of providing effectual medical attendance at the houses of patients. The very destitute can be taken to the fever-wards of the union work-houses. The non-contagion, which is established on very strong evidence, is most important for its moral consequences: on the former visitation of the cholera, the abandonment of the sick was common, fear of infection being the motive. The admitted absence of contagion greatly facilitates the treatment of the sick in every way. It will be desirable, as no doubt it will be provided, to give the medical officers authority to enforce the needful sanitary regulations on all places that come within their observation. It is to be observed that the regulations and improvements here indicated will not be useless, even should the cholera disappoint the general fear and spare this land: the same plans will be of the greatest and most direct utility in counteracting fever and other general ailments induced by bad atmosphere.—*Spectator*.

WELLINGTON ON THE DEFENCELESS STATE OF THE BRITISH FRONTIER.

Is it certain that this country will never again be engaged in war? The question is one which, for many reasons, demands an explicit and positive answer. If it cannot be answered in the negative, it is then a truism that every additional month of peace brings us nearer to war. Is it certain that our own country will not be attacked—that war will not be brought upon our own territory? Many reasons forbid a certain negative. Our country is rich, and very vulnerable. An old warning on the defenceless state of our coasts, from the highest military authority in Europe, has just been revived. The existence of a letter from the Duke of Wellington to Sir John Burgoyne, entering very fully into the subject, has been hinted at before; but that letter has this week been publicly described by a well-known correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, whose communications are signed "P." We extract the descriptive passage—

"His theme is the condition of this country as regards invasion; and his statements may make the stoutest heart tremble. He enters into every detail; he names, from personal observation, the most

likely places for debarkation; he proves the ease with which it might be effected; he displays the nullity of our means of defence. We have no militia, very few and very distant regulars—from 9,000 to 10,000 alone available at home—little artillery, no arms in store. He says, with infinite pathos, 'I am now bordering on seventy-seven years of age, passed in honor. I hope the Almighty may protect me from being a witness of the tragedy I cannot persuade my contemporaries to avert.'

"He afterwards proceeds to demand means, the most moderate; and with them he undertakes to secure us. His terms are 150,000 militia, and some 10,000 or 12,000 additional soldiers of the line."

We have followed a corrected version of the text, which is more emphatic in its phrase; but from the original version is to be collected the additional fact that the duke had submitted his plan of defence "to three ministers," [premiers, we presume,] "in vain."

Why in vain? Not because any ministry can be content with the state of the national defences, but because they have not had the zeal to undertake the trouble of arranging with parliament the matter of cost; perhaps also because they have not been able to picture to themselves what the duke means by "the tragedy"—taught to him, however, by no exercise of fancy, but by horrible experience of the reality in other lands.

But are we all so bare of that intellectual function that we cannot construe the words? Because our generation has not witnessed an invasion of English homes, are we quite incapable of conceiving such an event? Do we not know what it implies? An accident, a word, a squabble between sailors or fishermen, might precipitate war; a diplomatic technicality might dictate a "demonstration." If a host of pulse-fed Russians or French troops were poured into Sussex or Kent, would the devastation of our corn-fields, the waste of our orchards and hop-grounds, be the worst that we should have to deplore? Would the plunder of "the city" itself be the thing that we should dread? We should scarcely think of it, in comparison. Statesmen might, military officers might—it would be their business; but we, the people of England, should be thinking of something more stirring than that. Military officers might gain a victory, and the bells might ring after it. But what might happen in the interval? Do not some of us know what it is for a people to have an alien soldiery turned loose among its homes? Do we not know what it might be for the men of a household to stand armed within the door, the women sent to inner rooms and hiding-places—to have the door forced in—the men to be vanquished—the women discovered? Do not men prefer to be trampled down and die before they know what happens in such adventures? Are we to remain content, knowing that these things *may* be, in Brighton or Hastings, in Canterbury or Horsham, nay, in London—in Camberwell or Islington, in Belgrave Square or Sussex Gardens? There is indeed no security against such a visitation. This

is not the most national view of the subject: we might point to the enormous waste and destruction of our substantial wealth, to the utter overturn of all existing arrangements, to the want and misery which must remain in the track of an invading army; we might point to the chance that an invading force from the continent would be swelled by recruits from the other side—from Ireland—by practical repealers: but these views of the subject must already have been before our statesmen; and, it seems, they have been unavailing to incite action. Possibly the personal view may move us to more purpose. We should not be vanquished—we should repel the invader—the spirit is still in the English heart, the heart is in the blow; but a people are not an army, and when an army is suffered to come in among the people, the worst things happen before that army is expelled again. Now the fact is indisputable, that an army may enter England, and march to its centre, unchecked by any efficient antagonist. We could not even retaliate easily or effectually: if France, for instance, were our assailant, Paris is cased with forts, and all France is in military "attention."

This has not yet happened—nothing like it since the last civil war: it will not happen again—till next time. It never would happen, indeed, if we took steps to render it impossible: but we have not taken the steps—our ministers have not heart for the subject. There is not one, in any party, that will take up *this* home question, and settle it. Yes, there is one—the venerable captain; but he is as unheeded as Laocoon—

"Heu! si fata deûm, si mens non læva fuisset,
Trojaque nunc stares Priamique arx alta maneres!"

A brutish disregard of the future awaits on the self-satisfied spirit of our day, which can deal with no ideas but such as have tangible objects to suggest them—money gains, or sensual gratifications. We abdicate part of our faculties, and lay them at the feet of the narrow-minded and dull, content to think no further than they can think, to imagine nothing but what they can know, to foresee nothing but what they can understand on gross palpable proof. We are paying the penalty of this blindness in past times. For temporary objects that we now despise, we expended enormous sums in war, regardless of the cost to ourselves; and we are still paying, every year, many millions for our improvidence. We are now going to incur the converse penalty, incurring the risk of ruinous war to save a small present outlay. We have always refused to deal with the future of Ireland, and the penalty is that we have never done dealing with an interminable and sanguinary past. It is true again that this penalty is not identical with that which we shall incur by neglecting the future to which the white-haired veteran so eloquently warns us. It seems that we must know the actual horrors and devastation of war before we can associate the idea of invasion with the latest metropolitan improvements, or think it necessary to

provide any more certain bulwark than a new police! This dulness to the warning, we say, is not courage, nor "practical" sense, but besotted brutishness.—*Spectator*, 4 Dec

From the *Spectator*.

RESULTS OF THE BANKING DEBATE.

GRIEVOUS would be the disappointment if one were to seek the conclusions of last week's debate on banking and distress in the express declaration of opinions. There was in notable instances, even individually, no opinion; and collectively there was such a conflict of opinion, that each was neutralized by the rest, as all colors combined make up one blank. But out of the effervescent heap of opposite notions some results of tolerable distinctness may be collected.

Endless, for example, is the diversity on the subject of "currency": relaxation and restriction, extension and contraction, bank charter act and repeal of it, paper and gold, convertibility, inconvertibility, modified convertibility, unlimited issues convertible, limited issues convertible, unlimited inconvertible, limited inconvertible, part convertible, part inconvertible, fewer banks, more banks, Scotch system, Irish system——Enough; the brain whirls with the confusion of counsel. All this would be very unsatisfactory, but that in the seeming chaos there is a principle of gravitation, and common sense evidently tends towards one common instinctive negative conclusion—that the question of "currency" has had very little to do with the matter; that currency is best when simplest and most tangible; and that practically the principle of the law regulating our currency is tolerably correct, requiring less to be altered than to be more strictly applied. Through an utter confusion of the terms "money," "capital," "currency," "circulation," and the like, there is evidently a feeling that money is not always capital, and that currency is still less so. The very persons who clamored for more notes, felt, and confessed, that notes were not the thing which they lacked, when they told Sir Charles Wood, "If we know that we can get bank-notes, we shall not want them." This paradox is not the nonsense which it would seem. It evinces the instinctive sense of the real case. With active industry, with goods abundant courting exchange—that is, with the productive power and the material products for trade—it is obvious that commercial men would fall upon some convenient mode of facilitating barter by a representative medium of exchange; but it is evident that the medium of exchange, as such, is not a constituent part of the wealth. Adding to the medium adds nothing to the material wealth. It is not a material, but a mere mode: the substance selected as the tangible form for that medium is only a tool, an instrument. With its extension or contraction the substantial wealth will not be augmented or diminished, except indirectly: it may be increased by the facility of interchange; a source of increase which

has always followed as a necessary consequence of commercial energy, and is by no means susceptible of arbitrary or unlimited extension at the hands of central authority. Real wealth will be no more augmented by an extension of currency than the aggregate bulk of goods in the market would be increased by the extension of any other instrument used in commerce—an extension of hogsheads, of canvass for bales, or of steel pens. Nor will the interchange depend on any particular medium: if there be the goods to be exchanged, and people want them, they will be exchanged by some means, bad or good. It is, no doubt, most important to have a sufficient medium of exchange—sufficient both in amount and in the qualities necessary for such a medium—portability, verification, and unvarying uniformity of standard—so that the endless variety of values may be referred to one common measure. Of all currencies yet devised, from cowrie shells and assignats to bullocks or diamonds, none has so completely satisfied the requirements of a commercial medium as gold coin. It is not so portable as some others; and in that respect, representative paper, strictly convertible into gold coin, may be considered as an auxiliary that imparts to our currency absolute perfection—the convenience of the cheapest and most portable currency in the world, with the sterling qualities of a defined, verified, and uniform standard.* It is the duty of the executive government to see that the general convenience of all be consulted—that arrangements dependent on common observance be simplified, facilitated, and maintained; but it is no part of executive duty to increase individual wealth. It is the duty of the executive to provide the best form of currency, because that can be best performed by the central authority; but it is no part of the duty of the executive to provide capital, "accumulated labor," which is the product of individual industry and enterprise. It is not the duty of the state, therefore, any more than it is its faculty, to provide capital for merchants in time of crisis, by relaxation, extension, the loan of credit, or any other means; but only to maintain the currency inviolate against attempts to tamper with it, by bank-

* For distinctness, it may be noted that the substance gold used in the formation of coin is "capital," as any other goods are capital; and that in regard to its gross tangible substance as an article of manufacture, "money" is capital; yet that in its operation as a medium of exchange, money is not capital, but it may indifferently represent any purchasable commodity—labor, capital, time, or any other term of value. In the economical sense, gold is capital only while it is the material in some process of production; as a medium of transfer, it is only the representative of capital, carrying with it a substantial guarantee in its own intrinsic value. An addition to the gold in a country, therefore, in respect of its currency, is only of importance in so far as it supplies the solid basis which imparts the guarantee to the currency; but in the sense of currency, no extension of gold can add to the wealth or capital of a nation: it will only affect nominal "price"—that is, the nominal ratio of value between the coin and all other articles whatsoever; not real "price," that is, the mean ratio of exchangeable value between each article and all other articles; which is determined by the higgling of the market, and only nominated by the currency.

rupt traders as well as common forgers and "smashers." It is the instinctive sense of these facts which makes both houses of parliament enter into an "inquiry" as wide as the chaos of notions is confused, with the evident foregone conclusion that the main subject of inquiry, the law securing a strictly convertible standard, must be maintained with closer rather than less strictness.

Another main branch of the great investigation so laxly conducted by the honorable and right honorable assemblies, is the effect of the railway expenditure. The general tendency is to make a dead set at railways. Sir Charles Wood charges them with abstracting a vast amount of capital from the "floating" state to make it "fixed;" an accusation so abstract in form that it scarcely satisfies the popular mind. One set of economists go to such an extreme that they almost reckon railways among the cardinal vices—crimes which are *mala in se*, and the investment of capital as sheer waste. This indiscriminate vituperation begets a reaction; and others, with Sir Robert Peel, make light of the railway drain. Sir Robert observes that there always has been exaggerated speculation; some kinds might have been worse than railways—as speculation in wasteful foreign enterprises; railways will ultimately be reproductive—there they remain for the money, and they will be instruments in augmenting our wealth; so that although the draught of that capital happened, by the coincidence of other demands, to be inopportune, it is in itself meritorious rather than otherwise. Such we take to be the pith of some volumes spoken and written on the point. Perhaps it is an answer to the vulgar class of censure on railway speculators; but it does not touch the real difficulty—which lies, we think, in a point that economists have not kept steadfastly enough in view. The primary end of all industry is to supply the workers and their dependents with the necessities of life. The division of employments greatly increases the productive power of human industry. But although employments may be divided, a certain portion of them ought to be devoted, immediately or mediately, to the production of necessities—food, raiment, and lodging; above all food. However removed the individual worker may be from the plough, the first object of his labor is to secure to him his portion of food; and however multiplied the processes of exchange between him and the tiller of the earth, all those exchanges constitute the channel by which his labor is vicariously applied to the soil, and the product, food, is conveyed back to him. Multiplied, therefore, as employments may be, a certain proportion of them ought to be devoted, within a given time, either to the production of food, or to the production of articles readily exchangeable for food sufficient to make up the supply within that given time. Now, in the minute division of employments and the multiplication of intermediate exchanges, that channel has a chance of being greatly confused—possibly broken off. In the crowd of employments, it is not possible to keep in

view which are they that retain that faculty. The more they are multiplied the greater will be the chance that an undue portion of industry will be diverted from employments that produce food or food-purchasing goods. Active industry in any paid labor begets an appearance of prosperity which may mislead if that enterprise be not avaiably productive. It increases the diversion of industry, betrays the workers who are so "prospering" into habits wasteful of those necessities which they do not replace, and fosters the growth of a population not employed avaiably for the immediate purposes of subsistence. This is one reason why we see such shoals of people of the gentry class competing for employments impossible of attainment. But the more gigantic the operation, the more disastrous will the error become before it be found out. This is no fanciful theory, but is merely an historical statement of the facts experienced in the railway fervor. Whether that activity was excessive or not in regard to the ordinary aggregate amount of speculative investment, or the true ultimate demand for railway accommodation, is not the question that determines its mischievous effects in the view that we are now unfolding. It is said, and perhaps with truth, that railways abstracted no labor from our own soil. England had a sufficient harvest. But other parts of the united kingdom had not. It became necessary to send for food from abroad; and there was a lack of food-purchasing goods. No doubt, the price of cotton was unusually, not to say artificially, raised; no doubt, the demand for corn was sudden; but it is the fact, that, concurrently with those checks on the production of exportable goods, our manufactures were also stunted by the diversion of capital to railway enterprise. Industry had been diverted from the production of food-purchasing goods to the production of works not available for that purpose. Railways may at some future time increase our facilities of production; but "while the grass is growing," &c. We had neglected the rule of keeping a sufficient portion of our industry employed on the production of food or food-purchasing goods. The legislature cannot plead exemption from blame in this matter, since its encouragement of railway speculation—its creation of the speculating bodies with peculiar and gigantic powers—was a direct and active diversion of industry into this questionable channel.

A third section is the drain of bullion for corn. From what has gone before, we see how the diversion of capital to purchase corn was swelled to the enormous amount of 33,000,000*l.*; while orders for food-purchasing goods could not be executed "for want of capital," so that it was necessary to make up the amount needed with bullion. Wanting goods, we were obliged to lay violent hands on our currency—to pledge our great tool of trade. The railway expenditure, therefore, was not only concurrent with the corn drain, but helped to swell it. And, sending away our instrument of trade, we crippled our means of producing goods

to pay the debt incurred ; so that every sovereign thus sent out of the country constituted a double loss. The deficiency, said some, might have been supplied with paper : but the apparent ease which that would have imparted would have removed the great check on the export of gold, and would thus have helped the operation of adverse exchanges ; and a drain of gold to any greater extent would have endangered the practical convertibility of our coin : the issue of paper to supply the place of the exported gold, therefore, would only have substituted for present "tightness" the risk of speedy public insolvency ; and that insolvency, by destroying the convertibility of all paper, and so depreciating its exchangeable value, would have brought on that real contraction of currency which exists when its worthlessness is disguised in the abundance of its material. We saw instances of that in France, and in the United States after the war of Independence, when depreciation had almost destroyed the worth of the currency, so that there was actually an absence of currency hidden under heaps of assignats.

The fourth great branch of the discussion relates to the conduct of the Bank of England. Amid all the conflict of judgments, a pretty general inclination to blame the managers of the bank is visible ; a few feebly defending them. Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Wood cannot exonerate them. Sir Robert Peel expected better of them. Some doubt whether the existence of such an institution is desirable. Violent people exclaim, "The bank has done it all!" We do not perceive the sense or fairness of these diatribes. Let us be just as well as severe. Has the bank broken its constituent law? No—not even in the way it was advised to do by her majesty's ministers. What has it done? It has disappointed an *expectation* entertained of it by the author of the latest bank charter act. Sir Robert Peel says that "the object of the bill of 1844 was to impress, if not a legal, a moral obligation upon the bank, to prevent the necessity of stringent measures by taking timely precautions;" and "that object was not carried out." Very true. The bank has not acted uniformly in the spirit of the bank charter act ; and the act induced no material change in that part of the management which was left to the discretion of the directors. As early as the autumn of 1844, the bank used its vast resources, augmented by the public deposits, to stimulate speculation, by reducing its discount from 4 to 2 1-2 per cent ; a spur to gambling, which, doubtless, had great influence on what followed. And at every subsequent stage, unchecked by any "moral obligation" implied in the bank charter act, the bank has regulated its discounts chiefly by its own interests, either in respect of credit, profit, or safety, down to the very last reduction to 6 per cent. But how is it that the bank is *able* to adopt a course assumed to be so injurious to the public? Because, as the ostensible author of the act of 1844 confesses, an erroneous principle lay at the bottom of that arrangement. The error we would

explain thus. The dominant and legitimate motive in trade is self-interest : it may be more or less liberally construed, more or less intelligently ; but such it is. According to Sir Robert Peel's admission, the main object of the act of 1844 was left to rest, in part at least, on "moral obligation;" a motive which is the dominant one in many relations of life—which may be relied on, to a certain extent, in intercourse between statesmen, in diplomacy, in ecclesiastical affairs ; but it is not the primary and dominant motive in commercial operations, and therefore, not being the *strongest* motive in such affairs, it was not the one to be relied on. Either it should have been ascertained that the self-interest of the bank would make it work always for the public interest, or self-interest should have been forced into the service by compulsory enactment. Sir Robert Peel admits that, for its main object, the act of 1844 rested on "moral obligation;" the bank, being a trading community, has acted as traders act, and with the motives of traders—either to secure a profit by some stroke of trade, or to "oblige a customer" by winking at some trading laxity ; but if the directors have neglected to secure to the country those benefits which are to be expected from sound statesmanship or sound executive administration in financial affairs, we must say that the bank is less to blame than the statesmen who left their own function to the voluntary performance of traders ; those traders having already shown, on every critical occasion, that they were traders, not statesmen—not even traders of perfect intelligence or the most expanded views. Of course, it remains for real statesmen to supply this defect in the act of 1844.

That act, then, though most usefully regulating the currency in particular respects—though supplying better guarantees for the essential qualities of a currency than any previous law—is admitted to be inoperative in one great cardinal function. We are without an efficient exemplar and guide in the direction and control of commercial enterprise. In the absence of that guide, we have miscalculated our investments, and have locked up an undue portion of our available capital. That present loss, and the continued absence of an effective guide until the hiatus of the act of 1844 be filled up, will suggest the safest course for the community—retrenchment in speculation and expenditure of every kind.

From the Spectator.

COMMON SENSE OF THE WEST INDIAN CASE.

THE case of the West Indies is again earnestly mooted in the press, and will soon come before parliament ; for, like the ghost of a murdered man, it will continue to haunt the legislature until it be laid by the performance of justice. Lord George Bentinck is to move for a committee of inquiry into the present condition and prospects of the West Indies, with a view to relief. Mr. Hope has given notice of an additional motion to follow Lord

George's, for a committee of the whole house on the sugar duties act of 1846, in order to suspend the further descent in the scale of differential duties; and there are other motions on the notice-paper collaterally bearing on the same question. We have no sanguine hope that Lord George Bentinck will take the best course for a feasible settlement; or that government will be compelled to render justice. When individuals commit wrong, they may be coerced to make reparation, either by force of conscience or of law; but governments laugh at tribunals, and the West Indian case shows how little conscience they have.

England has virtually dictated a succession of contracts with the West Indian colonists, and has broken them one after another, as coolly as a great bankrupt in the linen-drapery trade or a repudiating state of the Model Republic forgets "to meet its engagements." For some time, England had the fancy to build up colonies, as markets for her produce, as nurseries for her navy—always with objects of her own, for her own benefit. If, while the fancy lasted, "protection" was afforded to the produce of the colonies, it was only as a countervailing privilege to be set off against all sorts of privative incapacities. The West Indies, for example, enjoyed protection for their sugar; but they were debarred from direct trade with foreign countries, or even with their neighbors the United States; nay, when "the ports were opened," under the pressure of some distress, the open ports, so called, only admitted foreign goods in British ships. The "protection" was purchased at a loss; the system to which it belonged was arbitrarily imposed. It was England that chose to make the West Indies slave colonies; it was she that supplied the slaves. At length, England was conscience-stricken on the score of slavery; then, reckless of arrangements made on the faith of a system which originated with herself, she began to tamper with slave labor, first curtailing it in working hours, next partially freeing it, and ultimately freeing it altogether. With a perverse despotism unprecedented in history, England deprived the West Indian planters of the only labor which is consistent with numerical limitation—compulsory labor, and refused the proper accompaniment of free labor—an open market. However, in the anti-slavery sentiment as the new dominant principle of England the colonists put faith: England, they thought, had done her worst; and, making the most of a bad bargain, they arranged their affairs so as to do the best they could under the difficulties of the anti-slavery system. But again the contract was broken, without so much as a warning—except, we will be bold to say, from pens employed in this journal, which did warn the West Indians of their approaching doom. The West Indians were too trusting, perhaps too indolent, to believe us. The anti-slavery association went out of fashion, and the anti-corn-law league came in—anti-slavery sentiment gave place to free-trade dogma. The falling whig ministers, in 1841, vainly propitiated the new humor as a means of staving off their downfall; and parliament,

after nibbling at the protective duties on West India produce, successively reduced them; until the whigs, on their return to office, consummated the reduction by the present sliding-scale of sugar-duties, which is to end in perfect equality in 1851. But, with the usual disregard of justice, freedom of trade against the West Indies was not accompanied (it ought to have been preceded) by freedom of trade in their favor: the restriction of customs called the "imperial duties" was abolished afterwards; the pretence of equalizing the rum-duties, with the duties on British spirits, is not yet made good in fact; the prohibition to import labor was practically maintained long after the West Indies were exposed to foreign competition; and although it is now professedly abandoned by Lord Grey, the freedom is not real or complete.

Each one of the systems established in the West Indies for the purposes of England has been relinquished by England without consent of the colonists, without regard to the implied contract, without regard to preventing the mischiefs consequent on sweeping changes, without even correlative measures which mere logical necessity ought to have dictated. For her own purposes, England has successively established in the West Indies commercial restriction, slavery, freedom of labor, and free trade; but, at each stage of these gigantic caprices, has denied to the colonies the correlative benefits of the system for the time being enforced against them. Perversity, cruelty, and bad faith, are not terms too strong for this treatment when we know the actual condition which the colonists are suffering.

The actual position of the West Indies is this. They are deprived of slave labor, and denied free labor except in name; deprived of protection, and denied free trade; officially told to be energetic with improvements, while capital is frightened away by the official acts. What are the hopes of effecting a change of policy? Scanty in the extreme. Some fatal influence or other in home politics, with which the West Indies have no more to do than they have with the succession to the throne of Japan, debars them in turn from the useful alliance of each political party in this country. The whigs have used the fanatic cry of "free trade!" even more than its practical application. They promised the English people "cheap" sugar, and threw the sweet in as a make-weight in their bargain for office; for Lord John Russell stood ready to "turn out Peel on the sugar question," if Sir Robert had not conveniently gone out on the Irish coercion bill. The independent liberals are not compact enough to be called a party; and the majority of them, it is to be feared, are too bigoted to the literal interpretation of "free trade," for a proper recollection or construction of Mr. Deacon Hume's sound maxim, that the West Indies were removed from the category of free trade by the complicated state of the slave and labor questions. The quondam Tories, now the "country party," profess alliance with the West Indians; but it is a damaging alliance, based on the purpose to which that party

make others subserve—the impracticable project of restoring commercial protection. What Sir Robert Peel might do, is concealed in impenetrable obscurity, and he has made no sign of encouragement. He disapproved of the whig scheme of sugar duties in 1846; but sacrificed his own opinion, and the West Indian consideration, to political reasons connected with the expediency of avoiding a change of ministry. Were he to take a different course now, Sir Robert would be liable to quotations from *Hansard*. Not that he has shown any absolute submission to that sort of attack in other affairs; but the motives that influenced him in 1846 probably hold their sway still. Everybody knows Sir Robert's power, his insight into practical affairs, his general disposition to do the best for all interests; but his faculty of waiving any too troublesome consideration, not germane to the paramount question of the time in home politics, is also well known. The West Indian question might turn on the thought of Sir Robert Peel's mind; but who knows whether he will have anything to do with it as a matter of active statesmanship! The survey of parties in the legislature, therefore, is not favorable.

But statesmen will very grossly misconceive the case if they suppose that by abstaining from change of policy they are merely passive. In this case the policy of *laissez aller* is not a negative policy. It behoves legislators who are prepared to negative the claims of the West Indians, and to sanction a continuance of the present system, also to ask themselves whether they are not about to do additional mischief—not only leaving the colonies to their downward fate, but inflicting new and active injuries on the people of this country, and even on the prospect of emancipating the negro race, which has been the pretext for sacrificing the West Indies.

The supply of sugar produced by all countries is annually consumed, or nearly so. If the production be contracted in the West Indies, the total supply must either be deficient, or the deficiency must be made good from other quarters. It will not be made good in Mauritius; because that area is too small to supply the place of the great West Indian colonies; because there the labor is capricious, and the planters have not managed well; and because special causes of a commercial nature have precipitated the ruin of the chief capitalists; inasmuch that next year, and for some time to come afterwards, the supply of sugar from Mauritius will be short. The East Indies find difficulty in competing with the slave grower, and the differential duty which sustains them yearly diminishes. The only countries from which the supply can be made good, if from any, are Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil. But if the complement is to be sought in that quarter, the consequences will be very startling—very discreditable to the country. Meanwhile, prices will rise enormously; “cheap sugar” will prove to be the brief dream of the past.

The endeavor to abolish negro slavery must be abandoned, in favor of a policy which will give it so great an encouragement that it will in effect

newly create that odious institution. The fatal injury to the anti-slavery cause—a cause ill-conducted by its professed advocates—will be effected thus. The supply of sugar can only be made good by a new extension of culture in Cuba and Brazil; but even in those countries, production cannot be increased without an increased supply of the labor used in those countries—slave labor; and that must be furnished by an exactly proportionate increase of the African slave-trade. Of course, our government cannot be so idiotic as to make this country dependent for a necessary of life on Brazil and Cuba, and still keep up a squadron on the coast of Africa to cut off the supply of the labor which produces that necessary of life. No; a corollary to the continuance of the present system of treating the West Indies must be the abandonment of that squadron—not in favor of more enlightened influences for the discouragement of slavery by fostering free labor in tropical products and the growth of opinion through unrestricted commerce, but in favor of a recognized, sanctioned, and encouraged extension of that identical slave-trade, in the effort to suppress which we have, for so many years, incurred so much cost of blood and treasure, so much toil, so much odium, just and unjust, so much detriment to our international relations.

Such are the direct, inevitable, and imminent consequences of persevering in the present policy towards the West Indies; the ruin of those colonies; that ruin followed by a long period of dear sugar for the people of this country; which in its turn will result in a vast extension of the African slave-trade. It would be a very dull and foolish burlesque on shrewdness if the monstrous nature of these consequences should induce legislators to *presume* exaggeration or deception; the consequences can be discerned in the data; and if they be suffered to ensue, the responsibility will rest on the deliberate choice and act of the British parliament.

OCHSENBEIN, GUIZOT, AND METTERNICH.

THE lowest-born, the most popular, and most peasant statesman in Europe, M. Ochsenbein, of Berne, has resisted, out-maneuvred, and defeated the most shrewd, most experienced, most unscrupulous politicians and ministers in Europe, supported too by the most unbounded resources and most unrivalled talents in diplomacy. A more flagrant succession of blunders and miscalculations, groundless fears and equally groundless hopes, a more complete ignorance of the country and the people they were dealing with, more cowardly and more empty bullying, more contemptible sophistry and disgraceful calumny, never marked public conduct, than all these qualities distinguished the behavior and policy of Metternich and Guizot towards Switzerland. Yet all these means have failed, and all this boasted sagacity has been at fault. These powerful, unscrupulous, and insidious foes have been worsted and put to the rout by no more learned a person than Farmer Ochsenbein.

If this triumph had been the result of sudden outburst, rough play, of headlong determination

and peasant courage, it might cause less wonder. But it has been achieved, on the contrary, by slow and measured steps, by a management of the cantonal constituencies, by appeals to the Swiss people, and by conquering a majority of the diet. Whilst the champions of the Jesuits were relying upon force and physical resistance, the peasant of Berne was employing the arts of persuasion, and of gaining adherents by legitimate acts of popular influence in a free country. Whilst Metternich was backing his monks, and Guizot was smuggling muskets to them, M. Ochsenbein was forming and procuring his majority in the diet. And it was only when he felt his success as a parliamentary leader, that he began to make use of his military preparations.

Every move of the great European diplomatists was successfully met by the Bernese statesman. And when at last they had come to the determination of a military occupation of the country, Ochsenbein withdrew a veil, like Ximenes, and showed them a Swiss army of 100,000 men. No sooner did this army announce its effectiveness, than the Austrian and French cabinets, however puissant, shrunk back from threats of intervention to demands of a congress, resolving, now that military batteries had proved ineffective, to open diplomatic ones. Here, too, the genius of Ochsenbein discomfited the great politicians; for, when the Swiss army was put in motion, every power of resistance fell before it, each like a castle of sand. Friburg was subdued without a shot; the carrying of one wooden bridge over the Reuss put the grim tyrants of Lucerne to an ignominious flight; and even the old mountain cantons that had defied Gessler and defeated Austria, at once lowered their bigotry and pride before Ochsenbein.

And now, whilst Sir Stratford Canning has gone on the useless mission of preaching moderation to the diet and its generals, who have shown all along the utmost moderation, Messrs. Metternich and Guizot pretend to be still able to dictate laws and counsels to the Swiss. The first of their demands is, that the Swiss shall consult the pope in their arrangement of inter-religious differences. Ochsenbein will probably inform them that his intentions are to consult the decision of the best of popes, of Clement XIV., who exiled the Jesuits, a decree quite as orthodox and infallible as that more recently issued for their restoration. M. Ochsenbein probably says, that the Catholic institutions of Switzerland are under the keeping of Swiss Catholics, the majority of whom are religious as well as enlightened men. The great difference is, whether lay property in the Catholic cantons shall remain governed by monastic orders, who are not only opposed to education and liberal projects, but who plotted against the government, and whose property was justly confiscated. M. Guizot maintains France to be a right Catholic country, but it does not tolerate monastic establishments. All that Switzerland asks is to aim at the same degree of liberalism which M. Guizot and Louis Philippe are obliged to allow to France. For the latter to expel the Jesuits from Paris as dangerous, and

then force the Swiss to harbor them, as not only innocent, but wholesome, is as monstrous a piece of political jesuitry as ever Pascal exposed.—*Examiner*.

THE CHOLERA.

THE statement of the Sanitary Commission that cholera *may be* about to revisit us, is the very last thing that should suggest a cholera panic. Panic is the lot of the thoughtless, who suffer danger and death to take them by surprise; and to guard against it was the object of the sanitary commissioners, in their timely and salutary warning.

We will not take upon ourselves to say that the cholera is not coming; but as yet it seems to us doubtful. It is to be borne in mind that everything connected with its progress fifteen years ago appeared to indicate that it was not contagious or infectious, but the result of some generally prevalent predisposition of men's bodies, or of some predominant state of atmospheric influences, or of both. Hence it by no means follows that on every occasion of the reappearance of the disease in any quarter, it must necessarily spread from land to land, as it did on that occasion.

The case at present stands thus: cholera has reappeared in several countries (in a milder form than at first, we suspect) which it formerly visited immediately before its appearance here. The excessive moisture of the autumn, and its remarkable variations in temperature, have at the same time been accompanied by an immense increase on the average mortality of Great Britain. Thus, it being very possible that we may again be subjected to the disease, there is good reason for the exercise of foresight and precaution; but none for panic. The most fatal diseases at present prevailing are breast complaints and bronchitis. It may be true that they affect the tissues, in which cholera seems to have its seat; but we are not thence to infer that the one type of malady must of necessity be a precursor to the other.

The great safeguard, it cannot too often be repeated, is sanitary regulation; and we are glad to see indications of a general movement throughout the country in furtherance of this great object. While a meeting is announced in London to be presided over by Lord Normanby, (one of the earliest and most powerful leaders in this direction of reform,) we receive the details of an excellent and well-attended meeting in Plymouth, where the best sense was spoken, and embodied in admirable resolutions. What has been so distinctly announced in the sanitary report should in all these meetings be steadily kept in view. The cholera is governed by nearly the same circumstances as typhus. Those circumstances are generally removable by proper sanitary arrangements, and typhus is to a great extent preventible. We have every reason to believe that the spread of cholera is preventible by the like means, and hence the cry throughout the country should be universal and unceasing, *for combined and efficacious sanitary regulation*.—*Examiner*, 11 Dec.

SUMMARY.

KEEPING up their character as a *Jacquerie* leagued against the best men in the land, the Irish assassins have picked out an esteemed Protestant clergyman—the Reverend John Lloyd, vicar of Aughrim—as their principal victim for the week. The time selected was the sacred seventh day, when the vicar was returning from the performance of his holy functions. The assassins, two in number, met him in open day, and shot him dead.

A characteristic incident in this case was the flight of a man-servant who accompanied Mr. Lloyd. The frequent recurrence of this trait suggests a very painful alternative—a general prevalence of the blackest domestic treachery; or the more fatal fault (because it is an inherent weakness, not a misguided energy) of cowardice. There were two assassins—two to two. In England, that a man-servant should thus suffer his master to be murdered in broad day, without a manful resistance, is nearly inconceivable. Doubtless there are cowards in England, as in every other country; but flight would be the rare exception—in Ireland resistance is so. A journal, that once took serious offence at our calling it an Irish journal in London, roundly asserts that the neglect to enforce the law in Ireland is caused by cowardice. It must be confessed that English observers are not in a position to contradict the avowal. In this country, if a man expected to meet assassins, he would carry arms—and use them. In default, he would use any weapon at hand; and the butt-end of a riding-whip, manfully wielded, has before now served to master a pistol. He would resist at all events, armed or not. The tameness with which men in Ireland submit to a slaughter that is not unforeseen, creates no small surprise on this side of the channel. Among a comparatively timid people, he who has the first start in the contest is likely to win. The difficulty, however, in accepting this construction of the Irish custom of submission and flight, lies in the known gallantry of Irishmen in our armies. Is it that the Irishman acquires courage as well as industry only when he is expatriated.—*Spectator*, 4 Dec.

In Switzerland, the combined movements of the federal forces, commanded by General Dufour, have been of the most decisive kind; the Separate League has been conquered; Lucerne, the head and front of the rebellion, has surrendered, and is governed at present by its own liberal and Anti-Jesuit party, in alliance with the Anti-Jesuit and liberal majority of the confederation. In this rapid issue of the civil war, two facts have been strongly exhibited: the federal majority has more of heart and unanimity than was ascribed to it; the adherents of the Sonderbund are either weaker or less zealous than they were supposed to be.

Lord Palmerston has been unusually explicit in his avowals about the contemplated Swiss intervention. In joining the four great continental powers, England stipulates that the mediation shall only take effect with the joint consent of both parties in Switzerland. As it has been so long delayed, and the federalists are victorious, and therefore not likely to accept a mere offer of mediation, it looks as if the project would come to nothing.—*Ib.*

THE apparent advance of the whig party in the United States enhances the intrinsic interest in a speech just delivered by Mr. Henry Clay. The eloquent statesman declares, boldly and unequiv-

cally, that the Mexican war was begun by his own country, and not, as Mr. Polk pretended, by Mexico; that it is impolitic; and that the annexation of Mexico would be injurious to the United States, since the military power necessary to subjugate and keep down an alien people would be inimical to the institutions of the Union itself. These are views which both Washington and Jefferson would have shared; and it is satisfactory to see them vindicated by so distinguished a citizen as Henry Clay. Expectation of his being able to carry them out in office, indeed, is checked by the frequent disappointment of his hopes as a candidate for the presidency. Nor do we feel warranted in placing a very implicit trust in the calculations of whig progress. The whig party may comprise the natural aristocracy of the United States—the intellectual as well as the moneyed aristocracy; but it is a minority, and enjoys little sympathy from the sovereign people.—*Ib.*

THE influenza, now raging in the metropolis, is felt to a great distance; the most grievous lamentations coming from Scotland, Russia, and Marseilles. In Scotland, whole schools and colleges have suspended their labors; and the churches have been deserted; at Glasgow 70 policemen were laid up with fever and influenza out of 480. In Russia the malady is very fatal. At Marseilles precautionary measures of unusual severity are taken; the influenza being regarded there as the immediate forerunner of the cholera.—*Ib.*

EXPERIMENTS with chloroform, both in cases of surgical operations and obstetrics, have been tried in the hospitals of London and Paris, with complete success. In Paris it has been tried in a case of tetanus, and had a decided influence, the muscles losing their rigor and becoming supple; but the convulsive rigor returned after each dose, and there was no prospect of a final cure. Even this partial success, however, has created much interest.—*Ib.*

INTELLIGENCE has been received from the enterprising travellers the brothers D'Abbadie, who have been for so many years exploring in Abyssinia and the adjacent countries. Their last letter is dated from Gondar, on the 10th of May last. Amongst other discoveries, the Messieurs D'Abbadie have correctly ascertained the sources of the White Nile. The principal source lies in 7 degrees 40' 50" north latitude. The brothers intended to return to Egypt, but were detained by the disordered state of the country.—*Ib.*

THE American colony of Monrovia, consisting chiefly of free negroes placed on the coast of Africa by the Colonization Society of the United States, has declared itself a free and independent republic! —*Ib.*

A FEW days before the mail left Philadelphia, Mr. J. Kelley, a young man, was wantonly shot through the head and killed, by one or more of the members of a ruffian society in that city, called the Skinners. There are several other such societies in the lower part of Philadelphia.—*Ib.*

IT is stated as a scientific fact not yet accounted for, that the electric telegraph will not work in the summit tunnel of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. This tunnel was one of the severest pieces of boring that has been executed, and is the longest of English tunnels, not excepting that of Box on the Great Western.—*Ib.*

From the U. S. (Roman) Catholic Magazine.

DEATH-BED OF TOM PAINE—1809.

A SHORT time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor [R.] Catholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness; and who told him, among other things, that, in his wretched condition, if anybody could do him any good, it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert, (formerly a shaking quakeress,) whom I had received into the church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of this message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlmann, at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part, he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at the time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew, from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men.

We shortly after set out for the house, at Greenwich, where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed on a mode of proceeding with him.

We arrived at the house; a decent-looking elderly woman (probably his house-keeper) came to the door, and inquired whether we were the [R.] Catholic priests; "for," said she, "Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by other denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the [R.] Catholic church. Upon assuring her that we were [R.] Catholic clergymen, she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room, and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep, and at the same time expressed a wish that we would not disturb him," for," said she, "he is always in a bad humor when roused out of his sleep; 'tis better we wait a little till he be awake." We accordingly sat down, and resolved to await a more favorable moment. "Gentlemen," said the lady, after having taken her seat also, "I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he cannot possibly live, and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day, because he was told that if any one could do him good, you might. Possibly he may think you know of some remedy which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when he is left alone, are heart-rending. 'O Lord help me!' he will exclaim, during his paroxysms of distress; 'God help me!—Jesus Christ help me!' repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say, 'Oh God! what have I done to suffer so much?' Then shortly after, 'But there is no God!' And again, a little after—'Yet if there should be, what would become of me hereafter?' Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. 'Stay with me,' he replied, 'for God's sake, for I cannot bear to be left alone.' I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend to in the house. 'Then,' said he, 'send even a child to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone.' I never saw," she concluded, "a more unhappy, a more forsaken man: it seems he cannot reconcile himself to die."

Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining passage-way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman; and she opened the door for us. On entering, we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present besmeared with filth: his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better days have been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken, undoubtedly, but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which had also followed in the track, and left its mark on the pillow. His face to a certain extent had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through which the door opened. F. Kohlmann, having entered first, took a seat on the side, near the foot, of the bed. I took my seat on the same side, nearer the head. Thus, in the posture which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on F. Kohlmann, but not on me easily, without turning his head.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, F. Kohlmann, in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were [R.] Catholic priests, and were come, on his invitation, to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause, F. Kohlmann proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine, in the French language, thinking that as Paine had been to France, he was probably acquainted with that language, (which was not the fact,) and might understand better what he said, as he had at that time a greater facility, and could express his thoughts better in it than in the English.

"Mons. Paine, j'ai lu votre livre intitule, *L'age de la Raicon*, ou vous avez attaque l'ecriture sainte avec une violence, sans bornes, et d'autres de vos ecrits publies en France, et je suis persuade que—" Paine here interrupted him abruptly, and in a sharp tone of voice, ordering him to speak English, thus:—"Speak English, man, speak English." F. Kohlmann, without showing the least embarrassment, resumed his discourse, and expressed himself heartily as follows, after his interruption, in English:—"I have read your book entitled the *Age of Reason*, as well as your other writings against the Christian religion, and am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian religion, sir—"

"That's enough, sir, that's enough," said Paine, again interrupting him; "I see what you would be about; I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and Jesus Christ to

be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor."

F. Kohlmann here attempted to speak again, when Paine, with a lowering countenance, ordered him instantly to be silent, and trouble him no more. "I have told you already that I wish to hear nothing more from you."

"The Bible, sir," said F. Kohlmann, still attempting to speak, "is a sacred and divine book, which has stood the test and the criticism of abler pens than yours; which have made at least some show of argument, and —"

"Your Bible," returned Paine, "contains nothing but fables; and I have proved it to a demonstration."

All this time I looked on the monster with pity mingled with indignation at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror at thinking that in a very short time he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of his God, whom he so shockingly blasphemed, with all his sins upon him. Seeing that F. Kohlmann had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine would listen to nothing that came from him, nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect I might have. I accordingly commenced with observing: "Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow there exists a God, and that this God cannot be indifferent to the conduct and actions of his creatures." "I will allow nothing, sir," he hastily replied: "I shall make no concessions." "Well, sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment," said I, "I will prove to you that there is such a being! and I will demonstrate, from his very nature, that he cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct." "Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say; I see your object, gentlemen, is to trouble me; I wish you to leave the room." This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone, so much so that he foamed at the mouth. "Mr. Paine," I continued, "I assure you our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We have been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly, because it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them. But for this we should not have come, for we never obtrude upon any individual."

Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than he had hitherto used, he replied: "You can do me no good now—it is too late. I have tried different physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect" (this he spoke with a sigh) "but a speedy dissolution. My physicians have, indeed, told me as much." "You have misunderstood me," said I immediately to him. "We are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints; we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty, on account of your sins; and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected his word, and uttered blasphemies against his Son." Paine, on hearing this, was roused into a fury; he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed, uttering all the while the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe such was the rage in which he was at this time, that if he had had a pistol he would have shot one of us; for he conducted more like a madman than a rational creature. "Begone," says he, "and trouble me no more. I was in peace," he continued, "till you came." "We know better than that," replied F. Kohl-

mann: "we know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace for the wicked. God hath said it." "Away with you and your God too; leave the room instantly," he exclaimed: "all that you have uttered are lies—filthy lies; and if I had a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ." "Monster," exclaimed F. Kohlmann, in a burst of zeal, "you will have no more time. Your hour has arrived. Think rather of the awful account you have already to offer, and implore pardon of God; provoke no longer his just indignation upon your head." Paine here ordered us again to retire, in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. "Let us go," said I to F. Kohlmann, "we have nothing more to be done here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God; further words are lost upon him."

Upon this we both withdrew from the room, and left the unfortunate man to his thoughts. I never, before or since, beheld a more hardened wretch.

This, you may rely upon it, is a faithful and correct account of the transaction. I remain your affectionate brother,

(Signed,)

† BENEDICT, *Bp. of Boston.*

From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON ON THE DEVIATIONS OF THE COMPASS.

THE subject of this quarto, published under the sanction of the lords of the admiralty, is that deviation of the compass from the true magnetic course which arises from accidental causes peculiar to every ship, and generally differing in each. These causes are the presence of iron near the compass, the reciprocal action of compasses upon each other, and, when the deviation is not attended to, the errors occasioned by taking bearings from different parts of a ship. To understand the subject more clearly, let the reader suppose an accurate ship's compass raised into the air sufficiently above the deck to be entirely beyond the influence of any local attraction. If the ship's head was then due north by compass, that would be her true course, according to the directions of the sailing-charts; but if when lowered to its place the compass became subject to any accidental influence, especially from iron in its vicinity, the point would be drawn on one side, so as to indicate an inclination towards the north-east or the north-west, according to the side of the compass on which the influence predominated; and in proportion to the accidental power of attraction would be the extent of the deviation. It might be slight, it might be several points of the compass; which in a narrow channel would suffice to carry a vessel on the very dangers the beacons were erected to avoid, if she followed the deviation of her compass without allowing for it. In a long run, the deviation would take her altogether out of her course, and in foggy weather or at night might carry her upon dangers from which her officers were entitled to think she was far away.

These deviations of the compass from local attraction were noticed in Captain Sturmy's *Mari-*

ner's Magazine of 1684. The celebrated navigator Dampier observed and commented on them, in 1691-3; Wales, the astronomer who accompanied Cook, also noticed the subject, in 1776-1780; as did Flinders in 1801, besides several other writers. In 1810, Flinders was directed by the admiralty to make a series of experiments at Sheerness; which distinctly established the fact, though he was in error in concluding "that when the ship's head was on the magnetic north or south, no effects arose from local attraction—proving that when the ship was in that position, the attraction of the various masses of iron on board acted in unison with the magnetism of the earth; that when the ship's head was east or west, the effect of local attraction was greatest; and that at the intermediate points the deviation of the needle varied nearly in proportion of the sine of the angle between the bearing of the ship's head and the magnetic meridian to radius." In the night of November, 1812, the *Courageux*, 74, ran upon a reef near Anholt, and received considerable damage. At the court-martial held upon Captain Wilkinson, it was proved that a stand of arms, which had, for readiness in use, been placed beneath the binnacle under the half-deck, affected the compass a point and three quarters; and upon this evidence the commander was acquitted. In 1817, Mr. Bain published a pamphlet on the subject. Soon afterwards, Professor Barlow undertook a series of experiments; and he, Dr. Young, and several other inquirers, gave considerable attention to the question. The fact of this deviation was known to pilots and other practical men; and they altered their compass course accordingly on the stations they were accustomed to; but, not knowing the principle upon which they proceeded, they were in the dark on a change of station or of vessels, and did not guard sufficiently against accidental influences even in their own ship. There is no doubt in the minds of competent persons, that many inexplicable wrecks have really been owing to this deviation of the compass; and that vessels, especially in the merchant service, are still frequently lost from this cause. However, till Captain Johnson's experiments under the authority of the admiralty, nothing was done to reduce the deviation to anything like a system, and establish regulations upon the subject. To describe the particulars of what he did, would involve matter much too technical for our columns; but an idea may be conveyed of the results. The first thing was to lay down a plan for ascertaining the deviations of compasses, by swinging a ship's head completely round to every point, taking the successive bearings of a distant object from the ship, and correcting them by similar observations made on shore. Captain Johnson afterwards subjected fifteen of her majesty's steam-ships and fifteen men of war of various rates to this experiment, and drew up tables of the results. From these and various collected facts a series of practical rules have been deduced, and published by the admiralty, for the management of the compasses in the navy. How necessary some regulations were, may be

shown by quoting a few of the illustrations which Captain Johnson deduced from his experiments on the various vessels. The subject is exhibited in six diagrams, showing the deviation and consequent danger to which many of the vessels would be exposed in making various channels or approaching various coasts. The following supposes the ships to be twenty-four hours' run from the mouth of the channel, for which they are steering: the diagram is necessary to see the course, but the dangers can be understood from the text.

"The correct magnetic or compass course [1846] from the position A, diagram 1, latitude, $48^{\circ} 0' N.$, and longitude $11^{\circ} 0' W.$, to the mouth of the English Channel, half way between Ushant and the Scilly Islands, is $E. \frac{1}{2} S.$; consequently, ships in which there was no deviation, steering that course, would be, after a run of twenty-four hours only, at the rate of ten miles per hour, in the fair-way between the French and English coasts; but mark what would inevitably be the result if the vessels named in the table were to be steered the same course, that is, $E. \frac{1}{2} S.$, according to their respective compasses—the *Gorgon* would be among the rocks off Ushant; the *Retribution* and *Vesuvius* would be steering directly for the dangers about the Seven Isles; the *Stromboli*, *Geyser*, and *Styx*, would be advancing upon the 'Roches Douvres'; while the *Terrible*, *Penelope*, *Sampson*, and *Cyclops*, would be in a direction for the dangers about Jersey and Guernsey; and the *Victoria* and *Albert*, *Blazer*, *Porcupine*, *Black Eagle*, and *Alban*, from having less deviation upon that particular course, would be nearer to the fair-way; but not one vessel of the *fifteen* would be in the position which the compass course, uncorrected for deviation, would lead their commanders to suppose themselves in.

"Let us now suppose the distance of this fleet, accompanied by the steam-vessels, to have been double that which was represented in diagram No. 1, or, in other words, forty-eight hours' run instead of twenty-four, (and there is assuredly nothing improbable in assuming forty-eight continuous hours of thick weather often to prevail in our humid climate,) and the result would be, that the course, $E. \frac{1}{2} S.$, according to their respective compasses, would lead some of the sailing-ships towards the French coast; the *Penelope*, *Styx*, *Stromboli*, *Vesuvius*, and *Retribution*, far to the southward of Ushant; the *Gorgon* to the south part of Hodierna Bay; while the iron steamers, *Princess Alice*, *Bloodhound*, and *Myrmidon*, would be as far south as Quiberon; the *Dover* as far north as the Scilly Islands—in short, running directly for them; and the *Onyx* actually passing them, yet further to the north, and steering in a direction for the Bristol Channel.

"Be it observed, that the above reasoning obtains from the results ascertained with standard compasses carefully placed in the midship line of the different vessels, and as far removed as was practicable from iron-work likely to affect their magnetic needles; and it is therefore probable that vessels navigated with binnacle compasses only would have the errors increased by reason of their nearer proximity to the guns and iron-work."

The subjects we have touched upon are very fully handled in Captain Johnson's volume; especially the fact of the deviation and its consequences, the mode of ascertaining the extent of the deviation

in a particular vessel, and constructing a table of allowances, so as to steer truly under all circumstances. Captain Johnson has added to these more directly practical topics a general notice of magnetism, with references to standard works, for those who wish to pursue the question. Altogether, it is a very useful volume, both in a scientific and a practical point of view; but it would be more useful to mercantile mariners if the pith of the principal subject—the deviation of the compass, and the way to guard against it—were packed up into a popular pamphlet. How much some such information is needed by the mercantile marine, is shown by the average annual number of British wrecks, which has been set down at 547; as it may be indicated by one of Captain Johnson's remarks.

"In many merchant-ships the necessary precaution of removing iron from the vicinity of the compasses is by no means sufficiently attended to, and in such vessels the evil is increased by their not being swung and the deviations ascertained; whereas in ships-of-war, by the system now adopted, should any portion of undiscovered iron remain within the influence of the compasses, the amount of error caused thereby is ascertained by the observations made during the process of swinging.

"On inspecting a merchant steam-vessel which had been bought into her majesty's service, finding the compasses were placed in one binnacle so closely together that they could not fail to produce serious errors by their reciprocal action upon each other, I requested the binnacle might be cut in two and the compasses separated. In this operation, it was found that the binnacle itself had been put together with iron nails and screws; three quarters of a pound of the same having been extracted, and which are now in my possession; and in one instance the very box of the compass itself, which is placed inside the binnacle, had been repaired with iron nails."

From Fraser's Magazine.

DIALOGUE ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

MARCUS, ERNEST.

Marcus. No, my good Ernest, you labor in vain to convince me of the beauty of your friend's English hexameters. You cannot persuade the ear to accept that as music which sounds harsh and dissonant. Every one's natural taste in English verse is against hexameters. No man really likes them.

Ernest. Begging your pardon, my excellent cousin, however sound your general principle may be, your fact is wrong. In Johnsonian phrase, I might say, "Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children like English hexameters." In truth, I believe everybody likes *good* English hexameters, except middle-aged literary gentlemen like you, whose taste is formed upon the "classical" English authors, and is become too rigid to expand. At least, I have found all young lovers of poetry, and especially women, very much taken with the best English hexameters. I have known some of these ladies who have caught the rhythm so completely, that they have themselves written

very good hexameters. And as to your general principle, it appears to me that the sway which fashion exercises over men's love of music, shows very plainly that you *may* persuade people to think they dislike what they really like, and the reverse.

M. "You cram your words into our ears against
The stomach of our sense."

At least, our sense of melody.

E. That may be because your stomach is filled with spoilt Greek and Latin hexameters. I can easily conceive, that the way in which we mangle those verses in our utterance of them, may give a man a nausea for everything which resembles them. But good English hexameters do not resemble these.

M. It seems to me, my friend, that you are somewhat bold in telling us that we spoil and mangle the ancient verses, except you could inform us how they ought to be delivered; which I should hope you are too wise to undertake. But I do not quite understand your doctrine, that English hexameters are not to be like Latin hexameters.

E. Not like *our delivery* of Latin hexameters. And, with regard to my rashness in pronouncing our common way of reading such verse as wrong, I do so for this simple reason—that we do not make verse of it to the ear at all.

M. Why, any good scholar perceives at once whether a verse is correct or not when he hears it read, and winces at a false quantity, as you well know.

E. Yes; but this is not a matter of ear, as you well know, for the long and the short syllables are pronounced exactly alike. Your scholar knows which is long, and which is short, by recollection, not by ear; and as he reads, he mentally translates his reading, which discloses no such difference, into a reading which puts strong syllables into such places as to mark the rhythm. And this marked rhythmical delivery is used, to the ear as well as to the mind, when people want to make the dactylic rhythm perceptible to others. They then read:—

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Instead of the usual mode of reading, as if it were prose—

Tityre tu pátulæ récubans sub tegmine fagi.

And in like manner they read, when they would mark the verse—

Quid faciât lætās sagetēs quo sidere terram.

And

Arma virumque canō Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

M. Yes. And in the same way English hexameter writers require us to read—

Tush, tush! said Natûre, this is all but a trifle; a
man's self

Gives haps or mishaps, ev'n as he ord'reth his
heart.

Or pleasant myrtēl, may teach the unfortunate echo,
But wretchēd be the souls which vail'd in a contrary subject.

These are Sidney's. More modern attempts, quite as bad, might be quoted.

E. Even so. Those are *bad* English hexameters; and such as those the national ear rejects very reasonably and rightly. But those are bad, because they are made by classical scholars; or rather, because they are made to conform to Greek and Latin verses pronounced according to the modern habits of classical scholars. I was certainly in the wrong when I said that English hexameters were bad because they were composed by classical scholars; for the best we have, have been written by some of our best classical scholars.

M. I know you will easily be moved to be so bountiful of your treasures as to give me a specimen or two of these.

E. Certainly. I can give you specimens either of ancient or of modern poetry so rendered: Homer, or Schiller; Callimachus, or Göthe. Which will you have?

M. Why, in Homer we shall, at least, have the original familiar to us. But I fear that *that* circumstance will not be an advantage to your English hexameters.

E. You shall judge. The beautiful part of the *Iliad*, which contains Hector's interview with Andromache, and with Paris, has been translated by two accomplished scholars. I will give you a specimen of each.* Here is one:—

"Thus, when Andromache ended, said tall, bright-helmeted Hector—
 'All thy cares, dear wife, are partaken by me;
 but above them
 Hangs the unbearable thought of the men and the
 matrons of Troia
 Stalking past me in scorn, as a coward that slunk
 from the battle.
 Well do I know—the presentiment clings to my
 soul and my heart-strings—
 Fate stands fixed, and a day of destruction for
 Ilium holy
 Comes, and for Priam the hero, and all that are
 liegemen to Priam.
 Yet less near to my heart is the woe of the Tro-
 jans hereafter—
 Yea, and of Hecuba's self, and of Priam the king
 and my brothers,
 Many and brave, all trodden in dust at the feet of
 the foemen,
 Than the fore-thinking of thine, when some brass-
 clad man of Achaia
 Leads thee weeping away, and the hour of thy
 freedom is ended.'"

Now take the continuation of this passage in the other translation:—

"Then for another, perchance, thou'lt handle the
 shuttle in Argos,
 Slave-like, or water bear from Messeis, or else
 Hypereä,
 Sorely against thy will, for force will weigh heav-
 ily on thee.
 Some one, perchance, will say, while he looks at
 thee bitterly weeping,
 'Lo, this is Hector's wife, who once was first in
 the battle

'Mong the Dardanian host, when they fought for
 the safety of Ilium!'

So will the stranger say; and thine will be bitterer
 anguish,

Widow'd of husband so brave, who might have
 kept off the enslaver.

Oh! may the earth o'erspread first cover me deep
 in her bosom,

Ere I can hear thy wail, when they drag thee
 from Troy as a captive!"

M. These run more glibly than those which I quoted, certainly. But they are, in fact, very like our common anapæstic English verse, except that the lines are longer. I mean such strains as Beattie's:—

"At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the
 grove."

E. Undoubtedly the rhythm is of the same kind, and very naturally; for how do anapæstic and dactylic rhythm differ, except that the latter begins with a strong syllable? It would be easy to convert those verses of Beattie into hexameters, as thus:—

Of! at the close of the day when the hamlet is still
 in the twilight,
 And when mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove
 in their dwellings,
 Then when nought but the torrent is heard on the
 side of the mountain,
 Nought but the nightingale's song in the grove with
 its girdle of brushwood.

The last phrase is not an unmeaning addition; for the nightingale, as we dwellers in the south well know, does not haunt the tall trees of a grove, but the low, thick bushes. But my business is with the sound, not the sense, of the verses; and I hope you will allow that the rhythm of the long ones is no more forced or un-English than that of the shorter, though I do not suppose that you will think your old friend improved by the appendages to his dress.

M. But these are not hexameters in the usual sense of the term. They have no spondees in them—at least, they have none except those at the beginning of the last three lines, *And when, Then when, Nought but*. There is not a mixture of dactyls and spondees as the old hexameters show.

E. It is true the verses are very dactylic; you know very well that some hexameters are more dactylic than others; and, undoubtedly, the more dactylic the structure, the more obvious is the rhythm. And this obviousness may go to the extent of making the verse monotonous and vulgar in this as in other kinds of verse. *That* is an incident which belongs to all verse. To reach the higher kinds of music, verse requires variety and modified regularity. This we have in the hexameter when we introduce dis-syllable feet. We do not lose the manifest rhythm by doing so. If, for instance, I were to alter the two lines thus:—

* English Hexameters, translated from Schiller, Göthe, Homer, Meleager, and Callinus. Murray, 1847.

Of at the close of the day when the *vale* is still in the twilight.
And tired men the sweets of forgetfulness prove in their dwellings,

they do not cease to be verses. Now this introduction of dissyllable feet *ad libitum* in the first five places, is precisely what constitutes hexameters.

M. But they cannot be true hexameters. There are no spondees in them. Our language does not contain any spondees, and this want must always be fatal to your hexameter attempts.

E. I am afraid you will think me somewhat contentious if I deny all your propositions at once; but the truth is the truth. I am obliged, then, to say, that we *have* in our language abundance of spondees; I will give you as many as you choose to hear. But I am obliged to say, also, that we must admit them very sparingly into hexameters, or any other verse. They always give a forced turn to the rhythm, and the introduction of them has repeatedly spoilt English hexameters, and, indeed, other kinds of English verse, too.

M. I confess you do seem to me rather paradoxical this morning. But give us your exquisite reasons, or, rather, your instances. Where is your hoard of English spondees, that no one else has been able to discover? Southey's example, *Egypt*, is surely not one. *Amen* seems to be the best.

E. I do not profess to give you spondees in single words: but what think you of such feet as *clear rill, bold man, green tree, hard case*? Are not these spondees? You will allow that, if they are, there is no lack of such in the language.

M. Those sound spondaically, certainly. But is *rill* long?

E. It is *strong*, which is more to the purpose. It has upon it the stress by which English verse is regulated. Witness Keats' verse—

"With the green world they live in, and clear rills,"

in the *Endymion*.

M. Well, but if the stress be upon the second of the two syllables, the foot is an iambus, I suppose, taking your application of the ancient names of feet to our accentual feet, which I have no objection to do. It is an iambus, and should be, for the verse is iambic.

E. Yes, it does duty for our iambs, but a little force is necessary to make it do that. It is equally capable of officiating as a trochee, is it not? Listen:—

"Rivers glancing, clear rills dancing."

M. I perceive there is something in what you say. There is a peculiar rhythm in the verses of Shelley and Keats, and some others, which is connected with their having these spondees, as you call them. Thus Keats says that

"The bees
Hum about globes of clover and *sweet peas*."

And Shelley has such passages as this:—

"She met me stranger upon life's *rough way*,
And lured me towards sweet death, as night by day,
Winter by spring, or sorrow by *swift hope*,
Led into light, life, peace."

The peculiar rhythm of such passages arises, certainly, in part from such endings of lines as *rough way, swift hope*. The Popian school could have eschewed these endings, and would by that means have made the verses run more smoothly. But I do not dislike such lines occasionally; and why should such spondees spoil your hexameters? Do you pretend to make hexameters which shall be smoother than the lines of Pope?

E. If not smoother, I do not see why they should not be as smooth; and I should wish to have those which are written at present made smooth, till the English ear is more familiar with their form of verse.

M. But are you quite sure that your spondees really make your hexameters harsh?

E. I am quite sure that they give them that peculiar forced rhythm which startles English ears, and is conceived by many readers to be the peculiar mark of English hexameters; whereas it is, in fact, a blemish. Such you have in the older hexametrists, as Sidney:—

"But yet well do I find each man most wise in his *own case*,
Shall such morning dew be an ease to the heat
Of a *love's fire*?"

Such have not been avoided by our friends who have written hexameters recently, as they ought to have been. They have written—

I should be sorry to stir from my seat to look at their *sad case*.

Then forced out of the rut to the sloping side of
the *high road*,
Grided the creaking wheel, the huge cart into
the *ditch went*,
Overturned; far cast by the sideways sway were
the *men thrown*
Into the field with outcry dire.

The forcible conversion of the spondees into trochees, which these verses require, is a disagreeable peculiarity. It is unfortunate for the good cause of hexameters, that such a trick should have been practically connected with them; for it has no real connection with hexameters, more than with any other form of verse. It has much damaged their reputation.

M. But, my good friend, is not this a strange doctrine of yours, that what you want in hexameters are trochees, not spondees?

E. I do not know whether the doctrine is strange to you, but it follows very simply from the nature of verse by accent, the only verse of which we have any perception. All verse, to our apprehension, depends on alternation—on an alternation of strong and weak syllables. You may have a strong and two weak ones alternately; that is dactylic rhythm. You may have a strong and a weak one alternately; that is trochaic rhythm.

The only peculiarity of hexameters is, that you have six such feet; and that in the first four places you may have dactyls and trochees mingled in any manner.

M. But surely this your notion of hexameters, which is satisfied by trochees taking the place of dactyls, is inconsistent with another sound principle of versification, that feet which are substituted for one another must be, in some way, equivalent to each other? Now, a trochee cannot be equivalent to a dactyl; a long and *one* short, to a long and *two* shorts.

E. I grant you that the successive feet in a verse must have a sort of equivalence. Indeed, that equivalence of the feet is closely connected with the principle of alternation which I assert. The feet are like the bars of a strain of music; and the regular accent on the first note of each bar produces the alternation of strong and weak, which verse requires. But, then, this accent is capable of producing an equivalence between dissyllable and trisyllable feet. The two short syllables in the latter case are equivalent to the one short syllable in the former, both being unaccented; and thus *Hamlet is*, and *vale is*, can equally stand in the verse. I do not say the verses are equally smooth, but they are equally verse.

M. According to this doctrine of yours, each of your hexameters ends with a trochee: this perpetual double ending must surely be monotonous, and also undignified, as continued double rhymes are.

E. I will not deny that, to a certain extent, it has that effect. And it is the charm of alternate hexameters and pentameters, in English as in Greek and Latin, that they avoid this monotony. Listen to the translation of Meleager's lamentation over his daughter. You will recollect the verses of Callimachus:—

“ Though the earth hid thee, yet there—even there
—my Heliadora,

All that is left me I give—tears of my love—to
thy grave;

Tears—how bitterly shed! on thy tomb bedew'd
with my weeping,

Pledge of a fond regret—pledge of affection, for
thee:”

and so on.

M. Such verses as those may serve to show the “unlearned reader,” in some measure, what is the rhythm of the ancient verses. But they are not likely to be of any force in touching modern hearts, or stirring modern thoughts.

E. I think you will find, in Göthe and in Schiller, many passages, and indeed many whole poems, of deep and universal interest, in which the feelings and the thoughts could not be conveyed in any other dress to the German mind, and cannot be translated into English with any trace of the character and effect of the original, except by retaining the hexameter verse. To say nothing of Göthe's *Herman and Dorothea*, a poem which, consummate as it is in its narrative interest and dramatic truth, could not have its *Odyssee*-like simplicity in any verse

except that of the *Odyssee*, there are beautiful poems, of many different styles, which cannot be presented or received in any other form. In the same volume from which I have just read, is Göthe's *Idyl, Alexis and Dora*, so much admired by Schiller and Humboldt. The impending departure of the youth brings about a mutual confession between the lovers, who had lived next door to each other all their lives, with little intercourse except looks. His shipmates summon him while the pair are in the midst of the transports which the confession produces:—

“ Cries of impatience resound from the shore: my
feet, as if fasten'd,

Cling to the ground: I exclaim, ‘Dora, and
art thou then mine!’

‘Thine forever!’ she answered softly. The tears
that were trickling

Sparkle and vanish, as though dried by a breath
from the gods.”

This *thine forever*, taking the context along with it, appeared to Schiller and Humboldt very beautiful.

M. Be it so. But I suppose I, too, must read the context, in order to feel the beauty?

E. Certainly; it is not common to feel any poetical beauty except on that condition; and, therefore, I hardly know whether to read to you detached passages of Schiller's noblest poem, as it was by all his friends—W. Humboldt, Göthe, Körner, Herder, and the like—allowed to be. I mean *The Walk*. This is here, translated by a great mathematician, as the others are by great classical scholars; so that you see English hexameters are not without creditable friends. The poem being Schiller's, deals, of course, with a moral interest. The poet, “escaped from his chamber's narrow confinement,” ascends his own beloved mountain, and, under the influence of the scenery which surrounds him, (well painted,) calls up in his thoughts successively the various stages and forms of man's social condition—primitive, rural life, the growth of cities and states, the rise of the arts of war and peace, till prosperity ends in corruption and revolution; and then the trouble and horror which this picture excites are relieved by taking refuge in a loving trust in nature. Tell me whether such passages as the following are not worth translating, and whether any other form of translation would suit them? It is a description of the influence of established society upon human character, a favorite subject of Schiller's:—

“ Sacred walls! from whose bosom the seeds of
humanity, wafted

E'en to the farthest isles, morals and arts have
conveyed;

Sages in their thronged gates in justice and judgment
have spoken;

Heroes to battle have rushed hence for their
altars and homes;

Mothers the while, their infants in arms, from the
battlements gazing,

Pray for their triumph and fame, pray for their
joyful return.

Triumph and fame are theirs, but in vain their
welcome expects them!

Read how the exciting stone tells of their glorious deserts.
 Traveller! when to Sparta thou comest, declare thou hast seen us,
 Each man slain at his post, e'en as the law hath ordained!"
 Soft be your honored rest! with your precious life-blood besprinkled,
 Freshens the olive-bough—sparkles with harvests the plain."

Shall I go on, or does this suffice for the present?

M. For the present this suffices. Let us talk over the subject again by and by.

From the Spectator.

ALISON'S MILITARY LIFE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THIS work, a considerable part of which originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was suggested by the publication of the Marlborough Despatches. Original documents of that voluminous and detailed character are uninteresting to the general reader, even when they relate to contemporary actions; but if by the lapse of time the events have become historical, they are often hardly intelligible. With somewhat of the professional feeling of the historian, Mr. Alison expatiates upon this obvious truth in his preface; and this professional feeling appears to have incited him to undertake a review of the campaigns of Marlborough, in which the recovered despatches should be a main authority. The subject, however, grew under his hands; the war of the Succession, in its general bearings, had frequently to be considered before the military events could be well understood; and thus the review of the Marlborough Despatches was turned into *The Military Life of Marlborough*.

The research for this purpose does not seem to have been very extensive. Coxe's *Life* and *Klauser's* great military work appear to be the main authorities, beyond the common historical reading upon the subject. But though there is nothing very new in fact to be found in Mr. Alison's pages, his book is a useful contribution to English literature. The only life we had of Marlborough was that by Coxe; and, independently of its voluminousness and the intermixture of topics, the style of the author and his tone of mind belong to another age. The military exploits do not stand out with sufficient distinctness to form a continuous military narrative; besides which, the reverend doctor was not so well qualified as Mr. Alison for the description of the stirring scenes of war and battle. In general history, Marlborough's exploits are of course presented on a contracted scale; and England has no military history really worthy of the name. The factious spirit which baffled the hopes and clouded the declining years of the great warrior seems to have pursued his memory in his own country. On the continent it was indeed different, and Marlborough received there an enlightened appreciation, which till of late years he lacked at home.

Supposing a work to have sufficient literary

ability to be readable, many faults will not avail against it when it supplies a want, as *The Military Life of Marlborough* unquestionably does. Beyond Mr. Alison's usual rhetorical amplification and diffusiveness, however, this book has fewer of its author's usual defects, and very considerable merits. The plan is well conceived, and rigidly adhered to. The work is strictly what it professes to be, a military life. A brief introduction sketches the career of Marlborough to the breaking out of the war of the Succession; which, with a masterly picture of the state of France and the character of Louis the Fourteenth, introduce the subject; while a few pages after its close describe the decline and death of Marlborough. All beyond is the military life of the hero, with no unnecessary deviation to any other topic; and hence a unity is preserved throughout, which is rarely met in modern lives and times, especially among the rhetorical school of writers.

The first and most distinguishing quality of the volume is the author's historical mind and his power as a military describer. These, indeed, are the circumstances that chiefly give value to a work that has evidently been struck off rapidly. In point of composition, there is somewhat too much of the rhetorician, and of the theory-monger advancing his "idea." The book, however, is a more favorable specimen of composition than the greater History of Europe. Not distracted by so many ramifications as are there of necessity, the author brings the whole subject more completely under the reader. The topics, being chiefly particular description, do not allow the writer to run away with himself, as he is apt to do when engaged in political speculations. The style is generally closer, with less tendency to hyperbole; and in the battles and sieges the description of the text is well carried out by the maps and plans. The theories, too, we regard as in the main sound; at least they are better than the vulgar notions of high destinies influenced by bedchamber-women, and all the other claptrap extravagancies of the Disraeli school. In the view of Mr. Alison, the wars were really conflicts of opinion, in which something more than even the ambition of kings was embodied. According to him, Louis the Fourteenth represented the Romish, William the Third the Protestant spirit, not in mere religious dogmas, but in that deeper feeling which not only influences belief, but gives its color to actions, and in the end forms the character of nations. William from nature and education embodied constitutional government; Louis, like Napoleon after him, individual despotism. These principles and their concomitants, Mr. Alison holds, were always at work during the wars of William and Anne, though personal or national interests often excited them to action. The author's "character" of Louis the Fourteenth is well worth perusal, especially by those persons who are apt to undervalue the past because it does not resemble the present. The following is a portion of that elaborate portrait.

"Louis XIV. was essentially monarchical. That was the secret of his success: it was because he first gave the powers of *unity* to the monarchy that he rendered France so brilliant and powerful. All his changes, and they were many, from the dress of soldiers to the instructions to ambassadors, were characterized by the same spirit. He first introduced a *uniform* in the army. Before his time, the soldiers merely wore a banderole over their steel breastplates and ordinary dresses. That was a great and symptomatic improvement; it at once induced an *esprit de corps* and a sense of responsibility. He first made the troops march with a measured step, and caused large bodies of men to move with the precision of a single company. The artillery and engineer service, under his auspices, made astonishing progress. His discerning eye selected the genius of Vauban, which invented, as it were, the modern system of fortification, and well-nigh brought it to its greatest elevation; and raised to the highest command that of Turenne, which carried the military art to the most consummate perfection. Skilfully turning the martial and enterprising genius of the Franks into the career of conquest, he multiplied tenfold their power, by conferring on them the inestimable advantages of skilled discipline and unity of action. He gathered the feudal array around his banner; he roused the ancient barons from their chateaux, the old retainers from their villages. But he arranged them in disciplined battalions of regular troops, who received the pay and obeyed the orders of government, and never left their banners. His regular army was all enrolled by voluntary enlistment, and served for pay. The militia alone was raised by conscription. When he summoned the military forces of France to undertake the conquest of the Low Countries, he appeared at the head of a hundred and twenty thousand men, all regular and disciplined troops, with a hundred pieces of cannon. Modern Europe had never seen such an array. It was irresistible, and speedily brought the monarch to the gates of Amsterdam.

"The same unity which the genius of Louis and his ministers communicated to the military power of France, he gave also to its naval forces and internal strength. To such a pitch of greatness did he raise the marine of the monarchy, that it all but outnumbered that of England; and the battle of La Hogue, in 1692, alone determined, as Trafalgar did a century after, to which of these rival powers the dominion of the seas was to belong. His ordinances of the marine, promulgated in 1781, [1681?] form the best code of maritime law yet known, and one which is still referred to, like the Code Napoleon, as a ruling authority in all commercial states. He introduced astonishing reforms into the proceedings of the courts of law; and to his efforts the great perfection of the French law, as it now appears in the admirable works of Pothier, is in a great degree to be ascribed. He reduced the government of the interior to that regular and methodical system of governors of provinces, mayors of cities, and other subordinate authorities, all receiving their instructions from the Tuileries, which, under no subsequent change of government, imperial or royal, has been abandoned, and which has in every succeeding age formed the main source of its strength. He concentrated around the monarchy the rays of genius from all parts of the country, and threw around its head a lustre of literary renown, which, more even than the exploits of his armies, dazzled and fascinated the minds of men. He arrayed the scholars,

philosophers, and poets of his dominions, like soldiers and sailors: almost all the academies of France, which have since become so famous, were of his institution; he sought to give discipline to thought, as he had done to his fleets and armies, and rewarded distinction in literary efforts not less than warlike achievement. No monarch ever knew better the magical influence of intellectual strength on general opinion, or felt more strongly the expedience of enlisting it on the side of authority. Not less than Hildebrand or Napoleon, he aimed at drawing, not over his own country alone, but the whole of Europe, the meshes of regulated and centralized thought; and more durably than either he attained his object. The religious persecution which constitutes the great blot on his reign, and caused its brilliant career to close in mourning, was the result of the same desire. He longed to give the same unity to the church which he had done to the army, navy, and civil strength of the monarchy. He saw no reason why the Huguenots should not, at the royal command, face about like one of Turenne's battalions. Schism in the church was viewed by him in exactly the same light as rebellion in the state. No efforts were spared by inducements, good deeds, and fair promises to make proselytes; but when twelve hundred thousand Protestants resisted his seductions, the sword, the fagot, and the wheel, were resorted to without mercy for their destruction."

The character of William is equally able; but we will leave it for a few passages more directly connected with Marlborough. The following is a description of the memorable day at Waterloo, when the caution of the Dutch deputies and the envy of some of the Dutch generals stopped the allies from engaging. These encumbrances to the army prevented Marlborough from forcing the passage of the Dyle: he then deceived them by a series of skilful marches, and, interposing himself between Villeroy and France, came up with the French army on the side afterwards occupied by Wellington, while Marlborough halted in Napoleon's position.

"Marlborough, on the 18th August, anxiously reconnoitred the ground; and, finding the front practicable for the passage of troops, moved up his men in three columns to the attack. The artillery was sent to Wavre; the allied columns traversed at right angles the line of march by which Blücher advanced to the support of Wellington on the 18th June, 1815.

"Had Marlborough's orders been executed, it is probable he would have gained a victory which, from the relative position of the two armies, could not but have been decisive; and possibly the 18th August, 1705 might have become as celebrated in history as the 18th June, 1815. Overkirk, to whom he showed the ground at Over-Iscbe which he had destined for the scenes of attacks, perfectly concurred in the expedience of it; and orders were given to bring the artillery forward to commence a cannonade. By the malice or negligence of Slangenberg, who had again violated his express instructions, and permitted the baggage to intermingle with the artillery train, the guns had not arrived, and some hours were lost before they could be pushed up. At length, but not till noon, the guns were brought forward; and the troops being in line, Marlborough rode along the front to give his last

orders. The English and Germans were in the highest spirits, anticipating certain victory from the relative position of the armies; the French fighting with their faces to Paris, the allies with theirs to Brussels.

"But again the Dutch deputies and generals interposed, alleging that the enemy was too strongly posted to be attacked with any prospect of success. 'Gentlemen,' said Marlborough to the circle of generals which surrounded him, 'I have reconnoitred the ground, and made dispositions for an attack. I am convinced that, conscientiously and as men of honor, we cannot now retire without an action. Should we neglect this opportunity, we must be responsible before God and man. You see the confusion which pervades the ranks of the enemy, and their embarrassment at our manoeuvres. I leave you to judge whether we should attack to-day, or wait till to-morrow. It is indeed late; but you must consider that by throwing up entrenchments during the night the enemy will render their position far more difficult to force.' 'Murder and massacre!' replied Slangenberg. Marlborough upon this offered him two English for every Dutch battalion; but this too the Dutchman refused, on the plea that he did not understand English. Upon this the duke offered to give him German regiments; but even this was declined, upon the pretence that the attack would be too hazardous. Marlborough, upon this, turned to the deputies, and said, 'I disdain to send troops to dangers which I will not myself encounter. I will lead them where the peril is most imminent. I adjure you, gentlemen, for the love of God and your country, do not let us neglect so favorable an opportunity.' But it was all in vain; and, instead of acting, the Dutch deputies and generals spent three hours in debating, until night came on and it was too late to attempt anything. Such was Marlborough's chagrin at this disappointment, that he said, on retiring from the field, 'I am at this moment *ten years* older than I was four days ago.'"

This conduct of the Dutchmen raised such a storm both in England and Holland, that it quickly cost them their places. They were all removed, and more tractable persons appointed.

The following picture of the terrors of mining is from the account of the siege of Tournay.

"The art of countermining, and of counteracting the danger of mines exploding, was then very imperfectly understood, though that of besieging above ground had been brought to the very highest degree of perfection. The soldiers in consequence entertained a great and almost superstitious dread of the perils of that subterranean warfare, where prowess and courage were alike unavailing, and the bravest equally with the most pusillanimous were liable to be at any moment blown into the air, or smothered under ground, by the explosions of an unseen and therefore appalling enemy. The allies were inferior in regular sappers and miners to the besieged, who were singularly well supplied with that important arm of the service. The ordinary, soldiers, how brave soever in the field, evinced a repugnance at engaging in this novel and terrific species of warfare; and it was only by the officers personally visiting the trenches in the very hottest of the fire, and offering high rewards to the soldiers who would enter into the mines, that men could be got to venture on the perilous service.

"It was not surprising that even the bravest of the allied troops were appalled at the new and ex-

traordinary dangers which now awaited them; for they were truly of the most formidable description. What rendered them peculiarly so was, that the perils in a peculiar manner affected the bold and the forward. The first to mount a breach, to effect a lodgment in a horn-work, to penetrate into a mine, was sure to perish. First a hollow rumbling noise was heard, which froze the bravest hearts with horror; a violent rush as of a subterranean cataract succeeded; and immediately the earth heaved, and whole companies and even battalions were destroyed in a frightful explosion. On the 15th August, a sally by M. de Surville was bravely repulsed; and the besiegers, pursuing their advantage, effected a lodgment in the out-work; but immediately a mine was sprung, and a hundred and fifty men were blown into the air. In the night between the 16th and 17th, a long and furious conflict took place, below ground and in utter darkness, between the contending parties; which at length terminated to the advantage of the besiegers. On the 23d, a mine was discovered, sixty feet long by twenty broad, which would have blown up a whole battalion of Hanoverian troops placed above it; but while the allies were in the mine, congratulating themselves on the discovery, a mine below it was suddenly sprung, and all within the upper one were buried in the ruins. On the night of the 25th, three hundred men, posted in a large mine discovered to the allies by an inhabitant of Tournay, were crushed in a similar manner by the explosion of another mine directly below; and on the same night, one hundred men posted in the town ditch were suddenly buried under a bastion blown out upon them.

"A very striking incident occurred in the siege, which shows to what a height the heroic spirit with which the troops were animated had risen. An officer commanding a detachment was sent by Lord Albemarle to occupy a certain lunette which had been captured from the enemy; and though it was concealed from the men, the commander told the officer he had every reason to believe the post was undermined, and that the party would be blown up. Knowing this, he proceeded with perfect calmness to the place of his destination; and when provisions and wine were served out to the men, he desired them to fill their calashes, and said 'Here is a health to those who die the death of the brave.' The mine was immediately after sprung; but, fortunately, the explosion failed, and his comrades survived to relate their commander's noble conduct."

Two additional chapters follow the Life. One is a series of "comparisons" between Marlborough, Eugene, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Wellington; which have but little direct relation to the main object, and by consequence have more of the air of mere theme-writing than anything else in the book, however able the writing may be. The other chapter is on the peace of Utrecht; in which Mr. Alison's object is to reiterate old views about the erection of Belgium into a kingdom—line of fortresses—tri-colored flag at Antwerp—Quadruple Alliance in Spain, schemes to abrogate the Salic law, and the expulsion of Don Carlos through the Quadruple Alliance. The Belgium question is mere talk; for it is difficult to see what else could have been done without an European war. In the Spanish business, Mr. Alison, without naming Lord Palmerston, certainly contrives to

show, that throughout his intrigues, interferences, expeditions, and what not, he was simply playing into the hands of Louis Philippe; and that but for the very clever abrogation of the Salic law and the expulsion of Carlos, the Montpensier marriage would not have taken place. There is some excuse for the soreness about the match at the foreign office: "the engineer hoist with his own petard" feels it anything but "sport."

THE Spectator of 11 Dec. says: "There can be no doubt of one fact, that the priests in Ireland are morally answerable for much that the people do. We say this without the slightest thought of imputing the crimes of a few to the ecclesiastical body at large. But the priest, if he does the duties of his office, cannot remain ignorant or neutral in the midst of crime. Through the confessional, he has at least the means of knowing the crimes of the guilty, and of exhorting to peace and order. There can scarcely be a question that if the priests chose, they could prevent the murder which is a custom of their spiritual subjects; they could prevent it by the spiritual coercion of refusing absolution, or even of excommunicating those who are hardened in guilt. It is not for official persons to dictate these priestly functions; but neither can the fact be ignored that such a duty is among the priestly functions, and is too commonly neglected; a fact made manifest by the results. But the priests are dependent for subsistence on the murderers; another fact which explains much. As so many of their body, then, waive functions for which they claim toleration from the state, it becomes the more necessary to control them when they are themselves guilty of flagrant complicity in crime. It cannot be denied that there is a very general feeling in England, that it would be salutary to 'make an example;' 'hang a priest or two,' it is generally remarked, 'and you will stop these denunciations, from the altar.' Or if the priests will not use their power on the side of order, it may be used in their despite. A correspondent of a daily paper relates a significant story. Thirty years ago, assassination was frequent in a regiment at Malta, chiefly composed of Irish; and at length a culprit was detected, and sentenced to death: at the place of execution, the priests attended, and the man, on his knees, prayed that he might not be despatched from this world without absolution; the governor answered, he had sent his comrade out of the world unabsolved; so the assassin was shot, unshriven; the assassinations ceased. At all events, if the Irish priests will not perform their duties as citizens, and will not aid the enforcement of order, they will hasten the day in which the law which they neglect or evade shall be superseded by a law more stringent and manageable."

By the submission of the canton of the Valais, the subjection of the Sonderbund is consummated, and Switzerland is no longer in a state of civil war. According to Lord Palmerston and the Swiss Diet, the whole affair is at an end; and there will be no mediation, as there are not two parties between whom to mediate. According to Austria, France, and Prussia, there must be mediation; and, as if to keep open an opportunity for it, a new question has been raised.

One of the Swiss cantons is in a very anomalous position: Neuchâtel is at once a "principality," whose sovereign prince is King Frederick William of Prussia, and it is a "canton" in the confederate

republic of Switzerland. For its own satisfaction, it joined the republic; but now, being desirous to remain neutral in the civil contest, it falls back upon its allegiance to King Frederick William; whereupon the monarch is brought into direct antagonism with the diet—he insists on the neutrality of the canton, and hints that war upon his faithful lieges will be resisted by himself; the diet insists on the obedience of the canton, and hints that it shall repel foreign intervention. Here is a *casus belli* as good as diplomatic casuist could desire; the two sides of the claim being irreconcilable. The position of Neuchâtel is an absurdity, apparently not to be remedied unless by altering the relation of that province, separating it from alliance with one or other of its two sovereigns, royal or republican; but to do that implies "foreign intervention." To the diet, which is no longer in want of men and money for the civil war, the question at issue is purely theoretical; but the stout republicans look as if they really meant to beard the Prussian monarch.—*Spectator*, 11 Dec.

ONE of the victims to the season is Mr. Robert Liston, the eminent surgeon. The *Times* says—"Mr. Liston had suffered for some weeks, from an affection of the throat, which proved fatal at half-past ten o'clock on 7 Dec. Although he had scarcely more than reached middle age, Mr. Liston had achieved an European reputation. As an operator he was unrivalled, but it would be unjust to suppose that in this consisted his highest excellence. No man was less inclined to have recourse to operation when relief could be attained by any other means, and no lecturer ever took more pains to inculcate the duty of pursuing this course of practice. To the public and to science Mr. Liston's death may be considered a national loss; it will be deeply regretted by the many who have profited by his eminent talents, and by the numerous friends in private life to whom his kindly disposition and estimable qualities had endeared him."—*Id.*

THE *Courrier de Marseilles*, gives the following description of a passport exhibited at its office by a traveller just arrived from Italy—"The passport, thanks to many additions, is six feet and a half in length. Its weight, owing to the seals and binding, exceeds thirteen ounces; the signatures and stamps with which it is covered are seventy-three in number; and the whole cost of the passport, during a journey of five months, amounts to 262 francs 50 cents." (10*l.* 10*s.*) The *Courrier* recommends the bearer to show that document in Paris, and to keep it carefully as a curious monument of the administrative history of Italy previously to its regeneration.—*Id.*

THERE has been a novel application of chloroform at Cambridge. A horse in a gig began to kick furiously, and at length threw himself down in a rage. A chemist poured some chloroform on a handkerchief, and held it to the horse's mouth and nostrils; it became insensible for a time; the gig was removed; and the horse, on recovering, quietly got up and walked into his stable.—*Id.*

"MR. PITT forcibly reminded his countrymen of that *bottomless pit* of which all good Christians have heard. Like the whirlpool of Charybdis, the treasury under his auspices absorbed all that approached within its wide influence, and restored nothing from its voracious abyss. Yet, in condemning the statesman, we must not forget the integrity of the man. He lived with pure hands at a most impure period, and Lord Byron has only rendered him justice in declaring that he ruined the country *gratis*."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FIRESIDE HORRORS FOR CHRISTMAS.

THERE are two things in particular for which we feel thankful, when we see the year verging to its close, and the dusk falling earlier and earlier every day. The first is, that we never saw a ghost ourselves, and the second is, that other people did. The world does not always consider the debt of gratitude it is under to those who have vision for the invisible. Winter would not limp more tediously away without the long evenings, than the long evenings without ghost-stories. We do not envy the feelings of the man who can get through his December without any deeper shudders than those produced by physical cold. We have little sympathy with people whose talk, when they hitch their chairs closer together about a well-heaped hearth, does not instinctively turn on haunted houses, nightmares, and warnings before death. To us, the bars of a grate infallibly suggest the ribs of a skeleton; and as we watch the thin smoke, flitting silently up the chimney, our thoughts are of things in winding-sheets, that glide by moonlight along the aisles of ancient churches. In what manner our own shadow, dancing behind us on the wall or ceiling, might affect our imagination at such a time, we have no means of saying, as we have always felt disinclined to the indulgence of any rash curiosity on the subject. Who knows what other shadow we might see, if we turned round to look at our own? And if we saw none *but* our own, the spell would be broken, the hearth would be disenchanted, the mysterious "behind us" would be spoiled of its mystery, and *that* evening's tale of wonder would be told to listless and incredulous ears. We pity the man who, from his place at the Christmas fireside, has looked behind him; for that man, life has lost its illusions; he has lifted the veil of Isis, and "seen the truth" in the shape of his grandmother; he has leaped into the abyss, and found it just knee-deep. The law of the winter evening is—look straight into the embers, and think of your favorite horror. When you feel horrified through and through, begin to talk, still looking straight into the embers. Horrors belong as naturally to the fireside, as the fireside belongs to Christmas. The cold of the season does not more cravingly demand the genial blaze, than the heat of the blaze demands that agreeable chill which a churchyard reminiscence will send with electric swiftness through the blood. The passing shiver that runs over you as you listen to some chimney-corner legend, of wan women with their throats cut, that sit down opposite to solitary students at midnight, or of hands thrust out of unhallowed graves, to point to the murderer as he goes by, is as gratefully refrigerant and bracing to the nerves as a raspberry ice in the dog days. Then, there is nothing that so much heightens the enjoyableness of a ghostly gossip about the Yule fire, in an old rambling country-house, as the thought of the wide staircases you will by-and-by have to

ascend, the long corridors you will have to traverse, the dark rooms, with their doors standing open, you will have to pass, with no company but your candle and the echo of your footsteps, on your way from that warm parlor, that lies bathed in the glow of the wood fire, as in the "light of setting sun," to the wo-begone, vast chamber, with a bed like a hearse, that awaits you at the furthest end of the scarce half-inhabited mansion. The anticipation of this pilgrimage makes the circle round the hearth a true magic circle, out of the bounds of which no one cares to tread. The living world has shrunk to the dimensions of that charmed ring, and all beyond its confines is a dark and spectre-peopled void—a world of spirits that have heard you talking about them. No wonder you have little mind to go out into the goblin domain, with no better amulet against its terrors than a bed-room candlestick. And why should you do so? Why not rather pile on more fagots, and commend yourself to the safe keeping of Vesta, till the "witching time of night" be past? Why not outwatch the ghosts, and betake yourself to your own bed when the first cock-crow summons them to theirs?

If any one doubts that telling ghost-stories is the proper employment for a winter's night, let him open his window, and look out. Can anything be more spectral? There is not a hill or a hollow in sight, but has put on a shroud, and stares at him with a still, white face, the phantom of itself. The trees stand like giant skeletons, lifting their bleached arms towards the trooping clouds that hurry across the sky, like witches flocking to their sabbath. What is all that but a ghost-story in dumb-show, told by the earth to the stars? If the doubter can go on doubting in the face of an example like this, nothing that we could urge in the way of precept would be likely to decide him; we give him up, and can only hope it may not be our fate to have him for a reader. What has he to do with our fireside horrors? He is a horror himself, more horrible than any that we can conjure up, for whatever fireside he sits at.

There, actual reader, we well discern to be of a different spirit; come, then, and shudder with us, in the first place, over some ghastliness gleaned from a delightful little book, published this year by Mr. Burns, and bearing the title, most germane to our subject, of "Communications between the Seen and the Unseen Worlds."*

You are to suppose, then, that a party of friends are assembled, perhaps for the Christmas holidays, at a house, which, from some accidental indications, we judge to be in the country. A starry sky, the sight of which it is pronounced "almost a pity to shut out," leads the conversation of the friends to the comparative beauty of the winter and the summer night; and the gentler season most naturally finds an advocate in a gentle lady of the

*"The Unseen World; communications with it, real or imaginary, including Apparitions, Warnings, Haunted Places, Prophecies, Aërial Visions, Astrology, &c." London: James Burns. 1847.

company, who is introduced to you by the name of Eusebia. Eloquently does Eusebia plead for the season of her preference. The rare power of "painting with words" is hers in a high degree, and you feel, as you listen, that the influence of the hour she describes is upon you—

"When the west has lost its more gaudy hues, and the only trace of the departed sun is the calm, still belt of green, that reposes above the distant hills, as if they were the barriers of this world, and that quiet ocean of light the gulf which parts us from the realm of spirits."

Then, she insists further—

"There is the soft scent of the sleeping flowers, the dewiness of the air, the few bright stars that peep through the still faintly-illuminated sky; the joyous song, it may be, of the nightingale; the merry chirp, that seems, wherever you go, to be equally close to you, of the grasshopper. It is repose in its truest sense—life enough to banish the idea that nature, as people talk, can ever sleep—rest enough to lead on the mind to a more perfect, even an eternal repose."

Eusebia's friends will not deny that the summer night is beautiful; but there is one of them, at least—his name is Pistus—who holds that the winter night is more beautiful still, or, in any case, that its beauty is of a more solemn and spiritual character. Too much of this world, Pistus thinks, is mixed up in our ideas of the night of summer. With its flowers, its birds, its dew, and that green brightness over the western hills, it is of the earth, earthy; it does not carry us away to other worlds, but throws a coloring of poetry and illusion over our enthrallment to this. It is not so, he exclaims, with the winter night!—

"The sky, and the sky alone, so glorious, yet so awful, so spangled with brightness, so mysterious in its depth, that is all. There is nothing that can remind any sense of earth; nay, the very cold seems to enhance the solitude, to tear away all connection between yourself and external nature, to make you feel more utterly lonely. And you stand and gaze on those bright worlds, till you seem as if you were banished into the desolate regions of space; and there, without any orb near you, looked forth into the perfect blackness around, and watched the motions of the worlds that above, beneath, and on every side, were moving along in their mysterious path. It is the time when you feel, if ever, that there must be a world of spirits; when the mind seems almost brought into contact with that invisible universe; and when, more than at any other period, it longs to know something of its future home, and to hear some of those 'unspeakable things which it is not lawful for a man to utter.'"

The conversation now turns on the strange and dangerous charm which we find in every glimpse, real or imaginary, into things connected with the world of the invisible. How, it is asked, can we but be interested in knowing somewhat of a region of being, to the influences of which we are, perhaps, hourly exposed—and which, hereafter, is to receive us as its denizens forever? And yet, what peril there must be in attempting to raise a curtain which God has drawn, and which may conceal

what it would scare the soul from her earthly tabernacle to see disclosed! Has that curtain ever been raised? A thousand traditionary voices say it has. Raised in prophetic dreams and omens; raised in apparitions of the dead; raised in pranks and gambolings of elves, demons and goblins; raised in pacts of the evil one with human kind. Raised, also, in visits of angels; in miraculous warnings and interferences of heavenly powers in the affairs of men; in visions and glimpses of revelation, from the sphere of essential light, vouchsafed to contemplative souls. That the invisible world has access by many avenues to the visible, the experience of all ages attests, and the friends believe. And now that they have, as it seems, nine December evenings to spend together, what employment more congenial to the time can they find, than ascertaining, if they can, the positions of these avenues, and marking them down, as it were, in a kind of spiritual chart? In other words, what task can engage them, better suited to those long winter nights, than that suggested by Pistus—to inquire into all the methods by which the intercommunion of the seen with the unseen is carried on? They will set about it forthwith. And, hear the wise resolution with which they enter upon the inquiry:—

"In listening to any details which the wisdom of the world would reject as improbable or impossible, we shall, I hope, be guided by a wiser feeling. We will weigh them on their evidence only: if that is sufficient to convince a man in his every-day conduct, it shall be sufficient for us; if not, while we stigmatize nothing as impossible, because it is unusual, we shall return a verdict of 'not proven.'"

The plan to be pursued in the investigation is now settled. The mystic symbolism by which material nature, in such a variety of ways, seems to point to spiritual truth, is first to come under consideration; then aerial phenomena, fiery crosses, comets, and meteors, whirlwinds, and sudden tempests—viewed as prognostics of momentous events on earth; then the various luminous appearances to which popular belief has ascribed a supernatural character, "stationary lights, corpse-lights, St. Elmo's lights, fire-drakes, and Will of the Wisp;" then haunted places, and the tribes that haunt them, whether classic, as "Naiads, Fauns, Satyrs, Dryads, Hamadryads," &c., or romantic, as "The Brown Man of the Moors, Fairies, the Good People, Trolls, Telchens, Pixies and Pixycolts," not forgetting the more peculiar housegoblins, "the old Lar, and our own Robin Good-fellow." Then the "grand question" is to be debated, "if the spirits of the departed have ever been permitted to visit the living in a visible form;" this will give occasion to speak of the motives of ghostly visitations, of death-warnings, of disclosures of secret crimes, of apparitions in fulfilment of a promise, and so on. After this will come dreams, and the second-sight; and to wind up the whole inquiry, a glance will be thrown at the grounds of the once so general belief in astrology and witchcraft. Truly, as one of the friends remarks, "a compre-

hensive subject, and, if discussed with an unprejudiced mind, almost fresh ground."

As we are not going, however, to review the book, but merely to cull from it anything that seems to us particularly available for our present purpose, of tempering with a light breath of fear the heat of the Christmas fire, we will not follow the inquirers through the several stages of their task. This it will be well worth the reader's while to do for himself; and, although the friends took nine nights to get over the ground, he will find it easily accomplished in one. If he has a pleasanter night than that one, this December, he will have no reason to complain of his winter. In the mean time, we will hear Pistus, who is the travelled man of the party, tell what once befell him on a mountain excursion in the island of Madeira.

"I believe that people with the strongest nerves have the most dreadful fits of panic when they have them at all. I have wandered far and wide in the most precipitous places of mountains, and never felt it but once. I had a mind to try if the Pico do Cidrao, one of the loftiest, and, at the same time, steepest mountains of Madeira, could not be scaled from the Pico dos Arrieiros. It was a fine day in spring—we tethered our horses on the Arrieiros, and then, with our mountain-poles, and a shepherd for guide, we committed ourselves to the narrow isthmus that joins the two mountains. Narrow it is—for, on either side, it slopes down almost perpendicularly into an abyss of some two thousand feet; while, at the top, it is in many places not more than eight feet broad, and its material of crumbling scoria. Indeed, so thin is it, that it vibrates, or seems to vibrate, in a heavy gale. When we had accomplished half the distance, we sat down to rest, and gaze at the wonderful chasms which opened below us. Seeing a small crack in the earth, I looked down into that, and lo! the opposite chasm was distinctly visible through it. At last, however, up ladders of rock, assisted by the shepherd's banisters of roughly-spun rope, round corners where you trusted yourself to the young oak, or the sapling *tíl*, and hung for a moment over a depth that it makes my blood run cold to recollect—now creeping along this side of the isthmus, now working like worms along that, we stood under the shadow of the great Cidrao itself. Here, on a little platform of turf, my friend sat down, weary and sick at heart, while I resolved, with a good courage, still to follow my guide. On we went: the path was a ledge of about eighteen inches, a steep precipice above, a steep precipice below, all bare rock—no twining root, or friendly twig, to give the hand a firm, nor even an imaginary hold. Just then the northern gale swept a mass of clouds into the abyss, and it seemed as if we were walking along the edge of the world. I began to feel a little uncomfortable, when my guide, by way of consoling me, wrenched a large rock from its place, and hurled it downwards into the clouds. I lost it in that soft bed, but half a minute afterwards its crash came up from beneath, echoed from crag to crag, and seeming as if it came from another world. Oh! I shall never forget that moment! My brain seemed to turn round, my limbs to have no power of support, and I felt that horrible desire of leaping after the rock, the descent of which I had just witnessed. That was my only panic, and I thought it would have been my first and last."

There is nothing *obviously* preternatural in the above; but, the question being raised, to what immediate cause we are to attribute the terrible, and apparently malign influences which, in cases of the kind, nature exercises over us, a solution is offered, which gives to these "toys of desperation" a ghastly character indeed. The speaker who undertakes to answer the question is named Sophron, and here is what he says:—

"If you ask my opinion, I have long believed it to be the immediate effect of temptation. The name, *panic*, proves that the spirits who were supposed to haunt wild and lonely scenery, were also supposed to be gifted with an extraordinary influence over the mind; just as, in Gothic lore, fairies were gifted with the same power of depriving their unwelcome visitants of reason. Now, that the evil spirits by which we are surrounded, should delight in making God's works, which in themselves are very good, occasions of the misery of man, is extremely likely in itself, and consistent with all analogy. We do not remember, or we will not believe, that the presence of Christians must make an inroad on the powers of darkness; that they cannot exercise the same influence over mankind in such regions, as in wild and lonely mountains, which Holy Church can scarcely be said to have vindicated—almost inaccessible to man—intended, to the end of the world, to be none of his, to whomever else they may be given. * * * * * True, there is a brighter side to the picture. Angels may delight in solitudes unstained by sin: and peaks, like those of Chimborazo and Himalaya, may be, could we only hear it, vocal with the songs of the just made perfect. But still it is a solemn thought that the doom has been once spoken, which, till the regeneration of the heavens and earth by fire, must remain in some sense in force, 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake.' The church, we know, has a power of reversing this curse; but, till she has blest, it remains, and must remain. The sorest temptations which the history of the church can recount, have taken place in the desert; also, I grant you, some of the most glorious victories. We must expect the one, we may hope for the other."

We should like to know how Sophron would account for the fact, that the same giddy impulse which seizes the wanderer in the solitudes of the Alps or the Andes, is also not unfrequently felt by those who look down from consecrated minster-towers, in which christened bells, the terror of all imps of darkness, are hung. We have felt the solicitations of the dreadful magnetism ourselves, when looking through the open-work of the spire of Strasburg; and more than one dizzy brain has yielded to the fatal fascination, from the same holy height. It is not many years since a laughing young girl, into whose pure, glad soul, the thought of suicide had never thrown its shadow, sprang from that spire, in such a sudden passion of mad terror, to the pavement, five hundred feet beneath. Now we are very much mistaken in Sophron, or he will confess that cathedral steeples, built in the ages of faith, are the very antipodes, spiritually, of those wild and unchristianized solitudes which "Holy Church can scarcely be said to have vindicated." Exeter Hall may sneer at the sacredness

of a Strasburg minster, but Sophron does not believe that Luther was the founder of the Christian religion; or that the day of Pentecost was that on which the confession of Augsburg was drawn up. How, then, will he account for panics occurring on the tops of Catholic and devil-dreaded belfries?

Leaving that question, we turn to those enigmatical appearances which, be they natural or supernatural in their origin, are oftenest observed to preseat themselves in situations unreclaimed, or unreclaimable by the hand of man, from the desolation of the primal curse. Of this kind are the lights that lure unwary travellers into marshes, or that gleam from lonely headlands on stormy nights, and draw the inexperienced seaman upon sandbanks, or the ledges of a rocky shore. Such lights, Pistus tells us, are seen in nights of tempest, along the wild capes and crags of Madeira; glancing up and down precipitous cliffs; leaping over mountain-chasms and ragged beds of torrents; now almost dipping in the surf that beats the bottom of the rocks; now burning on the very brow of the beetling sea-wall. "The fishermen," says Pistus, "believe them to be tormented souls, thus working out part of their punishment, and testify great horror at the apparition."

All this our philosophy knows how to explain; but Sophron has something to tell, which no theory, that we are aware of, will account for. What does the reader think of this!—

"There is a bed-room in Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, where, on a particular spot on the wall, a pale phosphoric light is always to be seen when the windows are darkened. I have heard, that to wake in the stillness of the night, and to see this pale light glaring quietly on you, is a most unpleasant thing. And so the proprietors thought, for they had the wall pulled down and rebuilt, but to no effect; the light appeared again, and is to be seen there to this day."

We confess we do not exactly envy the guest at Lulworth Castle, who has to sleep in this particular bed-room, after an evening of ghost-stories about the Christmas fire.

Under the chapter of death-warnings, the following is related, and has a pleasant touch of horror about it:—

"When a man, whose whole course of life had been marked by the most flagitious atrocities, was lying on his death-bed, near St. Ives (in Cornwall,) a black ship, with black sails, was observed to stand in to the bay, into shallows where seamen felt convinced that no ship of that apparent burden could float. At the moment the soul passed from the body, the vessel stood out again, nor was it ever seen more."

We do not know whether the reader will be affected as we were, by the following account of a dream; but we own that few things of the kind have impressed us more disagreeably. Sophron *loquitur*:—

"A married lady of my acquaintance dreamed that she was compelled one Sunday to stay at home,

while the rest of her family went to church; that the house was one which she had never seen before; that she heard a knock at the door, and went to open it; that a man of most ill-favored appearance entered, and began to insult her, on which she awoke in terror. Some time after, she removed temporarily to another house, and it so fell out, that one Sunday she stayed at home herself, in order that the rest of her family might be able to go to church. While there alone, she heard a knock at the front door, and there being no one else in the house, went down to open it. When she had reached the hall, the remembrance of her dream flashed in an instant across her mind, yet she had not sufficient faith in it to hesitate about opening the door. She did so; and behold! there stood a man, the exact counterpart of him whom she had seen in her dream. She shut the door in his face, locked and bolted it, and awaited the return of her family in great agitation. The man (whoever he was) could not be found. Now that this was a providential warning of danger, it is hardly possible to deny."

The mention of dreams leads to that of second-sight, and this to predictions of death in general. Relating to this topic, a curious circumstance is mentioned, recorded in the account of the plague that depopulated Rome during the pontificate of St. Agatha. In the dead of the night, a knock, sometimes single, sometimes repeated, was heard at the door of doomed houses, whether at the time infected or not; and as many knocks as were heard in the night, so many deaths followed on the succeeding day. There is something horrible in the thought of these knocks, falling at intervals along the silent streets, in the darkness of night. It gives you the feeling as if the plague were going from door to door, making up the list of her next batch of victims. A different kind of death-warning, and one perhaps still more frightful in its character, accompanied, as we have read somewhere, the plague with which Basle was visited at the end of the sixteenth century; the dying themselves, in the unconscious fantastic babblings and delirium of the last moments, announced the names of those who were to die next after them.

Apparitions of the dead affect us with a profounder sense of terror than, perhaps, any other form in which the powers of the unseen realm can approach us. It is not mere terror; it is terror combined with shuddering antipathy—with a loathing which the idea of no *naturally* bodiless being, however evil, awakes. The blood does not curdle so at the thought of a purely diabolical visitation, as at that of finding yourself face to face with one who has been what you are—with a man who has died, and been buried. You cannot, in imagining such a visitant, escape the association of the corpse, and the grave-clothes, and the atmosphere of death, and all the characteristics of mortality which our mortal nature, just because it is mortal, recoils from with the most invincible abhorrence. In presenting to the reader, therefore, some account of such apparitions, we feel that we are got to the right horrors, the horrors *par excellence*; and so, without further preface, we transcribe the follow-

ing story, related by our friend Sophron, in the words of Lady Fanshawe :—

“ And here (she says) I cannot omit relating the following story, confirmed by Sir Thomas Baber, Sir Arnold Breamer, the Dean of Canterbury, with many more gentleman and persons of that town. There lived, not far from Canterbury, a gentleman called Colonel Colepepper, whose mother was wedded unto Lord Strangford. This gentleman had a sister, who lived with him, as the world said, in too much love. She married Mr. Porter. This brother and sister being both atheists, and living a life according to their profession, went in a frolic unto the vault of their ancestors, where, before they returned, they pulled some of their father's and of their mother's hairs. Within a few days after, Mrs. Porter fell sick and died. Her brother kept her body in a coffin in his buttery, saying it would not be long before he died, and then they would both be buried together; but from the night of her death, till the time that we were told the story, (which was three months,) they say that a head, as cold as death, with curled hair like his sister's, did ever lie by him when he slept, notwithstanding he removed to several places and countries to avoid it; and several persons told us they have felt this apparition.”

Lady Fanshawe's high character, Sophron justly remarks, leaves no room for the least hesitation in receiving this story, one of the most singular that he knows. Pistus agrees that the story is singular, and, we think, so will the reader. Nor is it more singular than frightful; we cannot conceive a truer hell on earth than that the being who had been your partner in sin while alive, should refuse to quit you when dead.

Here is a story less horrible, though scarcely less strange. The names of the parties concerned, it is mentioned, are altered, some of them being still alive :—

“ Lord F. was on his travels on the Continent, when he met a young man engaged in a similar way, with whom he grew very familiar. Mr. G. (for so I will call his friend) gave him, in the course of conversation, to know that the end of his life had been predicted to him, and that he had some grounds for believing that this prediction was not without its weight and credibility. ‘As how?’ asked Lord F. ‘I was travelling with two friends,’ replied the other, ‘in Italy, and at Florence we agreed to have our nativities cast by a woman there, who had a great reputation for astrological skill. She foretold that none of us would live long, and named the days on which we should each die. My two friends are dead, and that at the time she named: it remains to see whether her prediction will be verified in me.’ ‘Pooh, pooh!’ cried Lord F., ‘a mere coincidence; impossible that it should happen a third time. But what is the day she named?’ Mr. G. named one about six months distant. ‘And where shall you be then?’ pursued Lord F. ‘At Paris.’ ‘Why, I shall be there too. Let it be an engagement. Come you and dine with me on that very day at seven o'clock, and keep up your spirits till then. I shall be found at No. —, Rue de —. Do you agree to the bargain?’ ‘Willingly,’ replied the other, and in a short space of time the friends separated. The six months passed, and a little before the appointed day, Lord F. found himself in Paris.

He sent a note to Mr. G., to remind him of his engagement, and received for answer that he would come. However, a day or two after, another note was brought him, in which Mr. G. said that he was not very well, and must postpone the pleasure of dining with Lord F. till another time; that the indisposition was very trifling, and ere long he hoped to have the pleasure of waiting upon him. Lord F. thought no more of the matter, ordered dinner on the day that had been named at seven, for himself, and about six o'clock sent his servant to Mr. G.'s with a merely formal inquiry how he was. Seven o'clock came; Lord F. sat down to dinner, when, just as he was beginning his meal, the door opened, and in walked Mr. G. He walked in, it is true, but he said not a word, went up to the table, and went out again. Lord F. was alarmed, and rang the bell, and it was answered by the servant whom he had sent with the message of inquiry. ‘How is Mr. G.?’ he demanded. ‘Dead, my lord,’ was the reply: ‘he died just as I reached his house.’”

Apparitions of beasts form a puzzling chapter in phantomology, and have something very demonish about them. Every one remembers

“ Him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in man.”

But it is when they come as warnings of the approach of death, that phantom brute-shapes suggest the most disquieting apprehensions. Here is an instance of the kind, which, Sophron says, comes to him so attested, that he really knows not how to disbelieve it :—

“ A family in the east of England has a tradition, that the appearance of a black dog portends the death of one of its members. It was not, I believe, said that no death took place without such warning, but only that when the apparition occurred, its meaning was certain. The eldest son of this family married. He knew not whether to believe or to disbelieve the legend. On the one hand, he thought it superstitious to receive it; and on the other, he could not, in the face of so much testimony, altogether reject it. In this state of doubt, the thing being in itself unpleasant, he resolved to say nothing on the subject to his young wife. It could only, he thought, worry and harass her, and could not, by any possibility, do any good. He kept his resolution. In due course of time he had a family, but of the apparition he saw nothing. At length one of his children was taken ill, I think with the small-pox; but the attack was slight, and not the least danger was apprehended. He was sitting down to dinner with his wife, when she said, ‘I will just step up stairs and see how the child is going on, and will be back again in a moment.’ She went, and returning rather hastily, said, ‘the child is asleep; but pray go up stairs, for there is a large black dog lying on his bed; go and drive it out of the house.’ The father had no doubt of the result. He went up stairs; there was no black dog to be seen, but the child was dead.”

Pistus immediately “caps” this story with one of a family in Sussex, in which a white rabbit appears, a few hours before death, to the sick man himself. After all, a white rabbit is not so suspicious a messenger to come for you, from the other world, as a black dog; though they are both of them unclean beasts, too.

Dwarfs, gnomes, and other spirits of a gross nature and sullen mood, have always, and in all countries, been believed to haunt mines, and, as caprice sways them, sometimes to obstruct, sometimes to help, the miners in their work. Many northern tales of the "wild and wonderful" are founded on this belief, which, in some mountainous regions, is not yet extinct. These spirits of the mine were not regarded with unmixed dread; only care was taken not to offend them, for they were easily moved to anger, and their revenge was terrible. Retzel, a German writer of the last century, who, being a *Bergrath*, or director of mines, must have been well acquainted with the subject, tells us a good deal about them. He says they rarely let themselves be seen in a defined shape, but rather make themselves heard under ground, in the pits where the miners work, and particularly when either a great piece of good fortune or a great calamity is near. At night, when few, or on holidays, when none of the miners are in the pits, they have their sport, and make a noise as if the work were going on in the briskest manner, especially in such pits as promise something good. Hence, judges the good *Bergrath*, it appears that they intend, by such noises, to give a hint to the miners to work in these places, and to win the blessing which God has therein laid, and to bring it to light. When these spirits are not provoked, they do no hurt to any one; but he who mocks or speaks scornfully of them is sure not to escape their resentment, but, in ascending and descending, is squeezed or otherwise hurt by them. And it is a belief of the miners that he who is so hurt, if he relate before the ninth day what has befallen him, must on the ninth day die, of which there are many examples.

Of these *berg-mannikins* there would seem to be two sorts, for some, when they appear, or make themselves heard, bring good fortune, some evil. They seldom take a visible form; but such as do, show themselves in the appearance of a diminutive miner, with a burning lamp; these portend good luck, and indicate rich veins of ore to be in the places where they are seen. Oftener the light only is seen, gliding swiftly, as if carried by one that ran, but the bearer appears not. These lights burn blue, and the brighter they are, the better the omen. On the other hand, when visions of beasts or of monsters appear under ground, it is an evil prognostic, and commonly there follows thereupon great ill-fortune.

These spirits, Retzel says, are no devils or infernal angels, fallen from a better state, but they, as well as the spirits of fire, air, and water, are creatures sprung from the elements, have no higher nature than that of the elements, and will be destroyed with the elements when the present system of things ceases to be. Vice or virtue cannot be attributed to them, any more than to the winds, the floods, or the lightnings; they have their fits of good and ill-humor, their spells of fair weather and foul; they are friendly to man or unfriendly, just as the elements are, with just as little merit

and as little blame. But mines are sometimes haunted by a different kind of spirits, as Sophron shows in the following story:—

"You know that the Whitehaven mines run out far underneath the sea, and are some of the most terrible in England. A man who had worked all his life in them, and had always borne a high character, was laid on his death-bed, and sent for the clergyman of his parish, to whom he had been previously known. I know not of what kind the disease was; it was one, I am assured, at all events, that did not affect his mind in the least, and that, during the whole of the account which I am going to give you, he was perfectly and most manifestly himself. He related it on the word of a dying man. He assured the priest that it was no uncommon thing in the mines, for the voices of persons, who had long been dead, to be heard as in conversation or debate. I do not think he said that apparitions were seen, but he affirmed that they were heard to pass along the passages with a loud kind of rushing noise; that the miners, as far as possible, got out of the way on these occasions; that the horses employed in the mines would stand still and tremble, and fall into a cold sweat; and that this was universally known to be a thing that might occur any time. One remarkable instance he gave. The overseer of the mine he used to work was, for many years, a Cumberland man, but being found guilty of some unfair proceedings, he was dismissed by the proprietors from his post, though employed in an inferior situation. The new overseer was a Northumberland man, who had the burr that distinguishes that county very strongly. To this person the degraded overseer bore the strongest hatred, and was heard to say that some day he would be his ruin. He lived, however, in apparent friendship with him; but one day they were both destroyed together by the fire-damp. It was believed in the mine that, preferring revenge to life, the ex-overseer had taken his successor, less acquainted than he with the localities of the mine, into a place where he knew the fire-damp to exist, and that without a safety lamp, and had thus contrived his destruction. But ever after that time, in the place where the two men perished, their voices might be heard high in dispute—the Northumbrian burr being distinctly audible, and so also the well-known pronunciation of the treacherous murderer."

We will give but one more story out of this volume: the scene of it is laid on board a Brazil packet:—

"A lady was lying on the sofa in the ladies' saloon, when, to her surprise, a gentleman entered it from the grand saloon, and passing through it, went out by the door that led towards the hold. She was much astonished, both that any one should enter the room at all, at least without knocking, and at not recognizing the gentleman who did so, as she had associated with the passengers for some days. She mentioned the matter to her husband, who said that he must have been confined to his berth till then, but that it would perhaps appear, when the passengers sat down to dinner, who he was. At dinner-time the lady carefully examined her companions, and was positive that no such person was among them. She asked the captain if there were any passenger not then at table. He answered her, that there was not. She never forgot the circumstances, though her husband treated it as a mere fancy, and thought no more of it. Some time

afterwards she was walking with him in London, when she pointed out a gentleman in the street, and said, with some agitation, 'There! there! that is the person whom I saw on board the packet. Do go and speak to him—pray do go and ask him if he was not there.' 'Impossible, my dear,' replied her husband; 'he would think that I meant to insult him.' However, his wife's importunity and agitation prevailed. Stepping up to the gentleman she had pointed out, and apologizing for the liberty he was about to take, 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'may I ask whether you were on board the — Brazil packet at such a time?' 'No, sir,' replied the person addressed, 'I certainly was not; but may I inquire why you thought that I was?' The interrogator related the circumstances. 'What day was it?' asked the other. 'That having been settled, 'Well, sir,' said the stranger, 'it is a very remarkable circumstance that I had a twin brother, so like myself that no one could tell us apart. He died, poor fellow, in America, on that very day.'

"The most remarkable point (observes Pistus) in that story, is its localism, so to speak. A man dies in America, and his spirit is seen, on that very day, on board a ship between America and England, as if crossing from one country to the other."

Here we take leave of this very pleasant Christmas party, not without renewing our recommendation to the reader, to cultivate their further acquaintance. We have put before him some of the stories they tell, but we have said nothing to him of the delightful way in which they talk about these stories. We have passed over all their practical reflections on the subject of their discourse, all their reasonings as to the credibility of the things related, or of preternatural relations in general; all, in short, in the little volume, that is calculated to make the reader a better man. The reason is, we don't want to make the reader a better man, but merely a more uneasy one. We appeal to his nerves, not to his conscience. Our aim is not to improve, but to frighten him. Besides, if he thinks reflections upon the stories he has been reading would do him good, what is to hinder him from making as many as he pleases? There they are; let him reflect upon them for himself.

We now turn to another treasury of horrors, to wit, Mr. Joseph Glanvil's "Collection of Relations, in proof of the real existence of Apparitions, Spirits, and Witches," published in the year 1688, the never-to-be-forgotten epoch of Britain's deliverance from brass money and wooden shoes, and of Ireland's from money and shoes of any material whatever.

The following narrative is contained in a letter of Dr. Ezekias Burton to Dr. Henry More:—

"About ten years ago, one Mr. Bower, an ancient man, living at Guildford in Surrey, was, upon the highway, not far from that place, found newly murdered, very barbarously, having one great cut cross his throat, and another down his breast. Two men were seized upon suspicion, and put into gaol at Guildford, to another, who had before been committed for robbing, as I suppose. That night this third man was awakened about one of the clock, and greatly terrified with an old man, who had a great gash cross his throat, almost from ear to ear, and a wound down his breast. He also came in

stooping, and holding his hand to his back; thus he appeared, but said nothing. The thief called to his two new companions; they grumbled at him, but made no answer.

"In the morning he had retained so lively an impression of what he had seen, that he spoke to them to the same purpose again, and they told him it was nothing but his phantasie. But he was so fully persuaded of the reality of the apparition, that he told two others of it, and it came to the ears of Mr. Reading, justice of peace in Surrey, and cousin to the gentleman that was murdered.

"He immediately sent for the prisoner, and asked him in the first place, whether he was born or had lived about Guildford? To which he answered, No. Secondly, he inquired if he knew any of the inhabitants of that town, or of the neighborhood? He replied that he was a stranger to all thereabout. Then he inquired, if he had ever heard of one Mr. Bower? He said, No. After this he examined him for what cause those two other men were imprisoned? To which he answered, he knew not, but supposed for some robbery.

"After these preliminary interrogatories, he desired him to tell him what he had seen in the night? Which he immediately did, exactly according to the relation he (Mr. Reading) had heard, and I gave before. And withal described the old gentleman so by his picked beard, and that he was, as he called it, rough on his cheeks, and that the hairs of his face were black and white, that Mr. Reading saith, he himself could not have given a more exact description of Mr. Bower than this was. He told the highwayman that he must give him his oath, (though that would signify little from such a rogue,) to which the man readily consented, and took oath before the justice of all this.

"Mr. Reading being a very discreet man, concealed the story from the jury at the assizes, as knowing that this would be no evidence according to law. However, the friends of the murdered gentleman had been very inquisitive, and discovered several suspicious circumstances. One of which was, that those two men had washed their clothes, and that some stains of blood remained. Another, that one of them had denied he ever heard that Mr. Bower was dead, where as he had in another place confessed it two hours before. Upon these and such-like evidences, these two were condemned and executed, but denied it to the last. But one of them said, the other could clear him if he would, which the by-standers understood not.

"After some time a tinker was hanged, (where, the gentleman has forgot,) who at his death said, that the murder of Mr. Bower of Guildford was his greatest trouble. For he had a hand in it; he confesseth he struck him a blow on the back which fetcht him from his horse, and when he was down, those other men that were arraigned and executed for it, cut his throat and rifled him. This is the first story which I had from Mr. Reading himself, who is a very honest, prudent person, and not credulous."

In the same repertory is contained an account of the apparition of Edward Avon, of Marlborough, which was seen by his son-in-law, Thomas Goddard, of the same place, about nine o'clock in the morning, leaning over a stile on the highway between Marlborough and Ogborn. Goddard had a good deal of conversation with the ghost on family matters. It appeared to him several times, and in different places; looked in upon him at seven

o'clock of a November evening, through his shop-window, and met him as he rode down the hill on the way from Chilton, "between the manor-house and Axford farm-field," in the shape of "some-what like a hare," at which his horse started, and threw him in the dirt; on getting on his feet again, after this fall, he saw the ghost in its proper shape, standing about eight feet directly before him in the way, and it said to him, "Thomas, bid William Avon (that was the ghost's son) take the sword that he hath of me, which is now in his house, and carry it to the wood as ye go to Alton, to the upper end of the wood by the wayside; for with that sword I did wrong above thirty years ago, and he never prospered since he had that sword." Then, after various other directions about family affairs, the spirit vanished.

Goddard went to the mayor of Marlborough, and made a formal deposition of the above circumstances. The mayor ordered him to do as the apparition had directed; and the next morning, at nine o'clock, he and his brother-in-law, William Avon, went with the sword, and laid it down in the copse, near the place the ghost had appointed Goddard to carry it. As they left the spot, Goddard again saw the apparition of Edward Avon, standing by the place where the sword was laid, and called out to his brother-in-law, "There is the apparition of our father!" William Avon said he saw nothing; upon which, Goddard fell on his knees, and prayed, "Lord! open his eyes that he may see it;" to which the other, instead of "Amen," responded, "Lord! grant I may not see it, if it be thy blessed will." The apparition then beckoned to Goddard, and said, "Thomas, take up the sword, and follow me." Goddard took up the sword, and followed the apparition about ten perches further into the copse, where he laid down the sword again. At this time he saw something stand by the apparition, like a mastiff dog, of a brown color. On Goddard's laying down the sword, the apparition took it up, and going a few paces further, pointed with it to the ground, and said, "In this place lies buried the body of him whom I murdered in the year 1635, (thirty-nine years before,) which is now rotten, and turned to dust." Goddard asked him why he had committed this murder, and the ghost said, "I took money from the man, and he contended with me, and so I murdered him." Then Goddard said, "What would you have me do in this thing?" and the ghost said, "This is that the world may know that I murdered a man, and buried him in this place in the year 1635."

The place to which the ghost pointed was a dry and bare spot, on which nothing grew, and which, as Goddard described it, was "like a grave sunk-in." As the two brothers-in-law went away together, Avon confessed to Goddard that he had heard the voice of the ghost, but had neither been able to distinguish the words, nor to see the speaker.

Against the credit of this story, Mr. Glanvil mentions two things that were alleged by people

in Marlborough, who knew Thomas Goddard; that first, about a year before he saw, or affirmed he had seen, his father-in-law's apparition, he left off going to church, (of which he had been a diligent frequenter,) and "fell off wholly to the nonconformists;" and the other, that he was sometimes troubled with epileptic fits. But to these reasons Mr. Glanvil does not allow much weight; observing, that a man's falling off to the nonconformists, though it may argue a vacillancy of his judgment, yet affords not any presumption of a defect in his external senses, as if a dissenter were less able to discern when he saw or heard anything than a sound churchman. In this we agree with Mr. Glanvil: it is not sight that a dissenter wants, but faith. As to the epileptic fits, our own opinion is, that Goddard's liability to these was the very thing that made him also capable of seeing ghosts. However, our author will not say positively but what the apparition may have been "some ludicrous goblin," personating the ghost of old Avon, merely to mystify, or "take a rise out of" the son-in-law. For Porphyrius has noted, that demons do sometimes personate the souls of the deceased; and the learned Von Meyer of Frankfurt confirms this by many instances within his own experience. It ought to be observed that there were no bones found in the place pointed out by the spectre, but this, after forty years or nigh, is not surprising.

Here follows a story "Of a Dutchman that could see ghosts, and of the ghost he saw in the town of Woodbridge, in Suffolk:"—

"Mr. Broom, the minister of Woodbridge in Suffolk, meeting one day, in a barber's shop, in that town, a Dutch lieutenant, (who was blown up with Opdam, and taken alive out of the water, and carried to that town, where he was prisoner at large,) upon the occasion of some discourse, was told by him that he could see ghosts, and that he had seen divers. Mr. Broom rebuking him for talking so idly, he persisted in it very stiffly. Some days after, lighting upon him again, he asked him whether he had seen any ghost since his coming to that town? To which he replied, 'No.'

"But not long after this, as they were walking together up the town, he said to Mr. Broom, 'Yonder comes a ghost.' He seeing nothing, asked him whereabouts it was? The other said, 'It is over against such a house, and it walks looking upwards towards such a side, swinging one arm, with a glove in its hand.' He said, moreover, that when it came near them, they must give way to it; that he ever did so, and some that have not done so have suffered for it. Anon he said, 'T is just upon us; let's out of the way.' Mr. Broom, believing all to be a fiction, as soon as he said these words, took hold of his arm, and kept him by force in the way. But as he held him, there came such a force against them, that he was flung into the middle of the street, and one of the palms of his hands, and one knee, bruised and broken by the fall, which put him for a while to excessive pain.

"But spying the lieutenant lye like a dead man, he got up as soon as he could, and applied himself to his relief. With the help of others he got him into the next shop, where they poured strong water down his throat, but for some time could discern no

life in him. At length, what with the strong water, and what with well chafing him, he began to stir, and when he was come to himself, his first words were, 'I will show you no more ghosts.' Then he desired a pipe of tobacco, but Mr. Broom told him he should take it at his house; for he feared, should he take it so soon there, it would make him sick.

"Thereupon they went together to Mr. Broom's house, where they were no sooner entering in, but the bell rang out. Mr. Broom presently sent his maid to learn who was dead. She brought word that it was such a one, a taylor, who dyed suddenly, though he had been in a consumption a long time. And inquiring after the time of his death, they found it was as punctually as it could be guessed at the very time when the ghost appeared. The ghost had exactly this taylor's known gate, who ordinarily went with one arm swinging, and a glove in that hand, and looking on one side upwards."

In a story of a butler in Ireland, who was like to have been carried away by spirits, because he went out to buy cards for his master on a Sunday afternoon, the most remarkable point is, that he "was perceived to rise from the ground, whereupon Mr. Greatrix (Valentine Greatrix, or Great-rakes, of Cappoquin, the famous magnetizer of the seventeenth century) and another lusty man clapt their arms over his shoulders, one of them before him and the other behind, and weighed him down with all their strength. But he was forcibly taken up from them, and they were too weak to keep their hold; and for a considerable time he was carried in the air to and fro over their heads, several of the company still running under him to prevent his being hurt if he should fall, and was caught before he came to the ground, and had by that means no hurt." This took place at the house and in the presence of the Earl of Orrery.

Another curious point in this case is, that a spectre came to this butler at night, bringing with it a grey liquor in a wooden dish, which it bid him drink off, (as a cure for fits that he had,) but he would not. At this the spectre was angry, and upbraided him with his suspicious temper; but told him if he would drink plantain-juice, it would cure him of one sort of his fits, (for he had two,) but he should carry the other to his grave. He asked whether he should take the juice of the roots or the leaves, and received answer, the roots.

Sophron, in that book about the "Unseen World," refers to this story, and condemns it as tending to "corporealize our notions of spirits." But this seems to be said without due reflection; for, first, we ought to ask, whence are our "notions of spirits" derived, that we should make agreement with them the test of facts? And then, it is not a very reasonable doctrine that a spirit, which can move a body, cannot move anything that the body can move.

The floating of persons, who are under spiritual influence, in the air, is no uncommon phenomenon. We have been informed by an eye-witness, that one of the ladies at Port-Glasgow, who "spoke with tongues" in the year 1830,

flew about the room in which the prophesyings were held, for some time, without touching the floor. A similar phenomenon is the riding of witches through the air to their sabbath. On which subject, Doctor Antony Horneck, a weighty divine of the seventeenth century, speaks as follows:—

"That a spirit can lift up men and women, and grosser substances, and convey them through the air, I question no more than I doubt that the wind can overthrow houses, or drive stones and other heavy bodies upward from their centre. And were I to make a person of a dull understanding apprehend the nature of a spirit, I would represent it to him under the notion of an intelligent wind, or a strong wind, informed by a highly rational soul—as a man may be called an intelligent piece of earth. And this notion David seemed to favor, when speaking of these creatures, Psalm civ. 4, he tells us that God makes his angels wind, for in the original it is רוח; and most certainly if they be so, they must be reasonable windy substances; nor doth the expression which immediately follows in that verse cross this exposition—viz., that he makes his ministers a flaming fire; for it's no new opinion that some of those invisible substances are of a fiery, and others of an airy nature: and as we, God gives rational creatures here on earth, bodies composed of grosser matter, why should it seem incongruous for him to give rational creatures above us bodies of a subtler and thinner matter, or such matter as those higher regions do afford? And if wind, breaking forth from the caverns of hills and mountains, have such force as makes us very often stand amazed at the effects, what energy might we suppose to be in wind, were it informed by reason, or a reasonable being?"

A curious thing happened in the year 1659, at Crossen in Silesia, of an apothecary's servant. The chief magistrate of that town at that time was the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte, a person famous in her generation. In the spring of the year, one Christopher Monigk, a native of Serbest, a town belonging to the princes of Anhalt, servant to an apothecary, died and was buried with the usual ceremonies of the Lutheran church. A few days after his decease, a shape exactly like his in face, clothes, stature, mien, &c., appeared in the apothecary's shop, where he would set himself down, and walk sometimes, and take the boxes, pots, glasses off of the shelves, and set them again in their places, and sometimes try and examine the goodness of the medicines, weigh them in a pair of scales, pound the drugs with a mighty noise in a mortar, nay serve the people that came with their bills to the shop, take their money, and lay it up safe in the counter; in a word, do all things that a journeyman in such cases used to do. He looked very ghastly upon those that had been his fellow-servants, who were afraid to say anything to him, and his master being sick at that time of the gout, he was often very troublesome to him, would take the bills that were brought him out of his hand, snatch away the candle sometimes, and put it behind the stove. At last, he took a cloak that hung in the shop, put it on and walked abroad; but minding nobody in the streets, went

along, entered into some of the citizen's houses, and thrust himself into company, especially of such as he had formerly known, yet saluted nobody, nor spoke to any one but to a maid-servant, whom he met hard by the church-yard, and desired to go home to his master's house, and dig in a ground-chamber, where she would find an inestimable treasure; but the maid, amazed at the sight of him, swooned; whereupon he lifted her up, but left such a mark on her flesh with lifting her, that it was to be seen for some time after. The maid having recovered herself, went home, but fell desperately sick upon it, and in her illness discovered what Monigk had said to her, and accordingly digged in the place she had named, but found nothing but an old decayed pot, with a *hematites* or bloodstone in it. The princess hereupon caused the young man's body to be digged up, which they found putrified, with purulent matter flowing from it, and the master being advised to remove the young man's goods, linen, clothes, and things, he left behind him when he died, out of the house, the spirit thereupon left the house, and was heard of no more.

Another curious thing happened in 1673, at Reichenbach in Silesia, in which also an apothecary was concerned, who after his death appeared to divers of his acquaintance, and cried out that in his lifetime he had poisoned several men with his drugs. Thereupon the magistrates of the town, after consultation, took up his body and burnt it; which being done, the spirit disappeared, and was seen no more. This was stated to Doctor Anthony Horneck by a very credible witness.

Webster, a writer against the existence of witches and apparitions, has recorded a story which makes strongly against his own views, and which he nevertheless seems to believe. It is quoted out of his "Display of Supposed Witchcraft," in Doctor H. More's letter to Mr. Glanvil, prefixed to *Saducismus Triumphatus*, and is as follows:—

"About the year of our Lord 1632, near unto Chester-in-the-Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman-man of good estate and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman that kept his house, who was by the neighbors suspected to be with child, and was towards the dark of the evening one night sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blackburn Hundred, in Lancashire, and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise or little was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Graham, or Grime, (for so in that country they call them,) being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill, grinding corn; and as about twelve or one o'clock at night, he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head hanging down and all bloody, with five large wounds in her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless him, and at last asked her who she was,

and what she wanted? To which she said, 'I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker; and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to till I was brought to bed and well again, and then I should come again and keep his house.'

"And accordingly," said the apparition, 'I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who upon a moor (naming a place that the miller knew) slew me with a pick, (such as men dig coals withal,) and gave me those five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank, and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavored to wash, but seeing the blood would not wash forth, he hid them there.' And the apparition further told the miller that he must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition.

"But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would certainly pursue and haunt him. Yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas' Eve before Christmas, when being, soon after sunset, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

"In the morning he wrote to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller. Whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following (I think it was Durham) they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some that reported that the apparition did appear to the judge, or the foreman of the jury, (who was alive in Chester-in-the-Street about ten years ago, as I have been credibly informed,) but of that I know no certainty.

"There are many persons yet alive that can remember this strange murder, and the discovery of it; for it was, and sometimes is, as much discoursed of in the north country as anything that almost hath ever been heard of, and the relation printed, though now not to be gotten. I relate this with the greater confidence, (though I may fail in some of the circumstances,) because I saw and read the letter that was sent to Serjeant Hutton, who then lived at Goldsbrugh, in Yorkshire, from the judge before whom Walker and Mark Sharp were tried, and by whom they were condemned, and had a copy of it until about the year 1658, when I had it and many other books and papers taken from me. And this I confess to be one of the most convincing stories (being of undoubted verity) that ever I read, heard, or knew of, and carrieth with it the most evident force to make the most incredulous spirit to be satisfied that there are really sometimes such things as apparitions."

Doctor Henry More thought this story so "considerable," that he mentioned it to a friend of his

a prudent intelligent person, Dr. J. D., who, of his own accord, offered him, it being a thing of such consequence, to send to a friend of his in the north for greater assurance of the truth of the narration, which motion, he (Dr. H. M.) willingly embracing, he (Dr. J. D.) accordingly sent. The answer to his letter, from his friend, Mr. Shepherdson, was this:—

"I have done what I can to inform myself of the passage of Sharp and Walker. There are very few men that I could meet, that were then men, or at the tryal, saving these two in the enclosed paper, both men at that time, and both at the tryal. And for Mr. Lumley, he lived next door to Walker; and what he hath given under his hand, can depose, if there were occasion. The other gentleman writ his attestation with his own hand, but I being not there, got not his name to it. I could have sent you twenty hands that could have said thus much, and more, by hear-say, but I thought these most proper, that could speak from their own eyes and ears."

Thus far, Mr. Shepherdson, the doctor's discreet and faithful intelligencer. Now for Mr. Lumley's testimony, it is this:—

"Mr. William Lumley, of Lumley, being an ancient gentleman, and at the tryal of Walker and Sharp, upon the murder of Anne Walker, saith—That he doth very well remember that the said Anne was servant to Walker, and that she was supposed to be with child, but would not disclose by whom. But, being removed to her aunt's in the same town, called Dame Carie, told her aunt that he that had got her with child would take care both of her and it, and bid her not trouble herself. After some time she had been at her aunt's, it was observed that Sharp came to Lumley one night, being a sworn brother of the said Walker's, and they two, that night, called her forth from her aunt's house, which night she was murdered.

"About fourteen days after the murder, there appeared to one Graime, a fuller, at his mill, six miles from Lumley, the likeness of a woman, with her hair about her head, and the appearance of five wounds in her head, as the said Graime gave it in evidence. That that appearance bid him go to a justice of peace, and relate to him how that Walker and Sharp had murdered her, in such a place as she was murdered; but he, fearing to disclose a thing of that nature against a person of credit, as Walker was, would not have done it; but she continually appearing night by night to him, and pulling the cloathes off his bed, told him he should never rest till he had disclosed it. Upon which, the said Graime did go to a justice of peace, and related the whole matter. Whereupon the justice of peace granted warrants against Walker and Sharp, and committed them to prison. But they found bail to appear at the next assizes. At which time they came to their tryal, and upon the evidence of the circumstances with that of Graime of the apparition, they were both found guilty, and executed.

"WILLIAM LUMLEY."

"The other testimony is of Mr. James Smart, of the city of Durham, who saith—That the tryal of Sharp and Walker was in the month of August, 1631, before Judge Davenport. One Mr. Fairhair gave it in evidence upon oath, that he see the likeness of a child stand upon Walker's shoulders dur-

ing the time of the tryal. At which time the judge was very much troubled, and gave sentence that night the tryal was; which was a thing never used in Durham before, nor after."

There is a difference of opinion between Mr. Webster and Dr. Henry More, as to the nature of this apparition—the former holding it to have been the "astral spirit of Anne Walker; the other deriding this as a fantastic conceit of the Paracelsists, and insisting that it was her soul. Perhaps the two opinions are not irreconcilable. However, we will not stop to reconcile them here, but relate one more story, and let the reader go to bed.

Some years ago, when travelling in Germany, it was our fortune to make the acquaintance of a Roman Catholic clergyman, who was the subject of a most strange and frightful spiritual visitation. In the year 1838, he had been appointed to a village parish, and entered upon his work with an ardor that distinguished him in all his pursuits. The first night that he spent in his own residence, he could not sleep; hour after hour, he lay tossing on his restless bed, and rose in the morning without having closed an eye. He attributed this, however, to the excitement of his spirits, the strange bed, the fatigue of his journey—in short, to any cause but what proved to be the true one. The second night came, and he rested no better; the third and the fourth equally failed to bring him repose. He changed his hour of going to bed, worked hard during the day, did everything possible to win sleep to his pillow, but in vain. It might be on the seventh or the eighth night that he felt, as he lay feverishly turning from side to side, something sitting, as he thought, on the side of his bed. He sat up, groped with his hand over the bed-coverings, to the place where the pressure seemed to be, and was sensible of something that yielded to a push, but immediately after returned to its former place. He got up, and lighted a candle; there was nothing to be seen on the bed, nothing to be found in the room, that could have been the cause of his sensations. He lay down again, leaving the light burning, and now first did a superstitious awe steal over him, when he felt the weight on the bed-side as before, while his eyes assured him that nothing visible occupied the place. Of sleep there was now no hope, and not only for that night, but for many following, till the health of the man, thus at once deprived of his natural rest, and pursued by the terrors of an invisible world, began perceptibly to give way. This had gone on about a fortnight, when he began to see something. It was the shape of a woman veiled from head to foot, as it seemed, in a gray mist, sitting on the bed. The haunted man began to fear for his reason; he wrote to Schubert, to Dr. Kerner, to Professor Eschenmayer, to every one he could hear of, as versed in the secrets of psychology; he detailed his sufferings; he supplicated help. As might be expected, the correspondence had no result but that of rendering the case more hopeless. The sufferer travelled from one master of the mystic science to

another; and it was while on a visit to Schubert that we became acquainted with him. Of course all that could be done for him was done, and amounted to just—nothing. He returned in despair to his parish; and, to put the reality of the apparition to a new test, he spoke to it. It answered. He related this to his friends; they smiled, and said his poetical temperament was carrying him too far. More than one said, "Send your spectre to me; if there be anything in her, I'll find it out." He promised to do so, and kept his promise. Sleep, so long a stranger, revisited his bed; but the next morning, the rash inviter was sure to come, and say, one visit was enough for him, a second such night would drive him frantic. The niece of the clergyman, who was his house-keeper, a good-hearted and religious girl, heard of this, and begged her uncle to send her the apparition; he did it from time to time, to have a night's sleep. The phantom-lady, in all her visits to others, kept silence; no one but the clergyman ever heard her speak; perhaps, because no one else had the courage to speak to her. But *what* she said to him, he could never be induced to tell. So stood the matter when we were brought into contact with him; as, for aught we know, it stands to this hour. From other sources we have learned that he often passes his night in the open air, to evade the dreaded visitation, unwilling to lay too heavy a tax on the self-sacrificing affections of his niece. At such times, his village-parishioners often lie awake till the dawn, listening with a heart-clutching fear to the unearthly tones which his voice and his guitar conspire to send forth into the shuddering night.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SPARKS' WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON. N. York: Harper and Brothers.

The present is the eighth volume of this valuable publication, and contains the correspondence and miscellaneous papers relating to the American revolution. And therein do the noble, benevolent, high-toned and clear-sighted qualities of Washington's mind abundantly appear. Now that the work is published at a price which puts it within the reach of most persons, we do hope this true portraiture of Washington will be closely studied by his countrymen. We do not know what more valuable gift an American parent could give to his sons than this work.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THE MOST SUPERB GIFT BOOK of the season, that has come to our knowledge, has been prepared, at great outlay of time and money, by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam; and in point of national interest, novelty and external beauty surpasses anything of the kind we have seen from the London press. It is called "Pearls of American Poetry," these pearls being choice selections from the fugitive or occasional pieces of the most prominent among our bards—for instance, the "Excelsior" of Longfellow, Halleck's exquisite stanzas on "Love," and bright gems from the writings of Bryant and others. These are printed, most delicately and perfectly, in lithograph German text, on Bristol board, each page being framed by a rich illuminated arabesque border

in gold, silver and colors, with illustrative vignettes wrought in the borders. To give an idea of the labor bestowed on this work, we can mention that for every color there is a distinct impression from a single stone; and as on some of the pages there are seven colors employed, it follows that for each of these pages there have been seven stones used, in seven impressions. The binding is chaste, rich and solid, somewhat after the old English style—dark morocco, with very little gilding or embossing. The form is quarto.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

EVANGELINE—A Tale of Acadie. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A dainty little book—fair, slender, delicate, attractive, as the heroine of its touching story. Written in hexameters, it has a *chassez-ing* movement which does not at first seem favorable for the expression of the pathetic, but before we finish we are willing to follow the poet at his own pace. Evangeline pursuing her rainbow-like lover across the continent, and through life, to the very gates of death, is a picture almost too melancholy for pleasure; but Mr. Longfellow has long since proved his power to draw us as he will, let the subject be what it may. He modestly calls this a tale; and leaves others to decide whether or not it be a poem too. At any rate it is full of poetry—and music, and religion, and all that is pure and good. At another time we shall make a few extracts.—*Christian Inq.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

GEN. SCOTT.—Should the rumor of an intention to recall Gen. Scott from the scene of his triumphs prove to have any foundation, it will inflict a pang upon all who can sympathize with the indignant swelling of a noble heart, ungratefully treated; and it would be likely to make him the next president, were not Gen. Taylor in the field.

Gen. Scott has been so generally found to be right, that we for one will not believe him in the wrong, till it be proved. Much as we value the reputation of Gen. Worth, it is not of equal importance to that of the commander-in-chief. Besides, a court of inquiry has decided that the subordinate was wrong. We have seen Colonel Duncan's answer to Gen. Scott's general order, and think he could not expect to escape the arrest, which he deliberately, or passionately, provoked.

It seems that the breach between Gen. Worth and his commander began previous to the battles before Mexico;—and yet how freely, how generously, does he praise Gen. Worth!

A New York writer, some months ago, speaking of Gen. Scott, said, "And if there be a rent in Cæsar's cloak, remember that it covers Cæsar."

Our own affectionate attachment to the character of Gen. Scott, dates from the time of the trouble about the "sympathizers," and the north-eastern boundary. It was much owing to him that the peace was not broken with England, on that occasion. He has again shown, in his conduct before the city of Mexico, that he preferred the chance of peace, to victory.

To recall Gen. Scott will be a heavy responsibility upon the administration, which will then rightly bear the blame of any future disaster.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.